

OCTOBER 17, 2005

www.thenation.com

The Nation.

\$2.95

\$3.95 Canada

GLOBAL STORM
WARNING

Mark Hertsgaard

GUANTÁNAMO
UNGER STRIKE

Clive Stafford
Smith

DELAY GETS
HAMMERED

Ari Berman

WORLD WAR II's
OTHER VICTIMS

Mark M. Anderson

RUNNING ON FUMES

by SASHA ABRAMSKY

WILL RISING GAS PRICES MEAN
THE END FOR WORKING-CLASS
AMERICAN TOWNS?

\$ 23.02

YOUR
PURCHASE

\$ 13.26

THIS DIAL
THIS HOSE

001.0

GALLONS

004.0

THIS DIAL
THIS HOSE

\$ 3.299

PRICE PER GALLON
ALL TAXES INCLUDED

\$ 3.299

#BXNKEXM *****AUTO** 5-DIGIT 94301
#UNZ0555B096 1#302604 TW

|||||

FEB 05 07

RON K UNZ
555 BRYANT ST 371
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

USPA

P0023

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

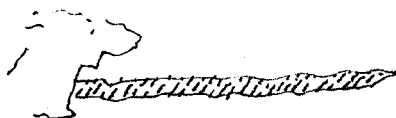
Ethanol Information

Just every gallon up to 10% ethanol by volume.
All information about ethanol blended gasoline
(E10) inside the store.

MINIMUM OCTANE RATING
(91 + 90-2 METHOD)

87

EXCHANGE



R. O. BLECHMAN

No Child Left Behind?

Nashville

■ Annette Fuentes, in "Failing Students, Rising Profits" [Sept. 19], refused to let facts stand in the way of her opinion of Community Education Partners as a "Republican-flavored" alternative education program. We gave her access to our schools, provided academic achievement data and supplied documentation that refuted allegations made against us. We at CEP expected an article opposing the program, given Fuentes's statement that privatized education programs are an "abdication" of public schools' responsibility. But we did not expect, and your readers do not deserve, a story with factual errors. Some examples:

§ Fuentes says that there has never been a favorable independent evaluation of CEP, ignoring the fact that CEP provided her with a list of ten evaluations by school districts, state agencies, etc., indicating that students consistently improved their academic performance and CEP met state standards. Temple University recently conducted an independent study for the Pennsylvania Education Department. The Philadelphia School District, not CEP, provided the requested data, and the study's authors had free rein to review CEP's record on state test scores. The study concluded that "while attending CEP, students attend school regularly, stay out of disciplinary trouble, and make, on average, impressive if not extraordinary gains in...student achievement."

§ Having unearthed longstanding CEP critics Carl Shaw and George Scott, neither of whom has visited a CEP school in eight years, Fuentes voiced their allegations without checking the source. Even though Shaw's 1997 evaluation of the CEP program was positive, CEP raised concerns about the assessment instrument because it was not validated. CEP provided this documentation for the story, but it was ignored.

§ Fuentes quotes Dr. Tom Kellow that "the longer [students] stayed, the worse their performance." But she ignores the fact that Kellow had recanted this allegation. In a 2003 letter to CEP, provided to Fuentes, he acknowledged that after completing a thorough review of the Houston CEP program, he had changed his mind: "I have been a vocal critic of CEP...in the past; put simply, I came to this evaluation with a host of preconceived notions and reservations that some may perceive as adversarial, and rightly so. The improvements noted over the evaluation period reflected a well-executed effort by the CEP personnel to enhance student outcomes."

§ Fuentes claims that the New Orleans public

schools decided "against a contract with CEP." Actually, the school board awarded a contract to CEP, and CEP chose not to proceed.

Fuentes relied on long since rebutted or recanted allegations, and systematically avoided contact with the people most familiar with CEP's work—union leaders, superintendents, principals, teachers, students and families. CEP is making a difference in the lives of thousands of young people who critically need its services. These students, families, teachers and staff deserved better, and so do your readers.

RANDLE RICHARDSON, CEO
Community Education Partners

Houston

■ As *Nation* subscribers, we have trusted your articles to be truthful. However, as the representative of the Houston teachers and the bargaining agent for the Houston CEP employees, we are aware of numerous factual errors in "Failing Students, Rising Profits," including:

§ Fuentes alleges that Carl Shaw's assessment instrument was challenged because CEP disagreed with the results. Shaw's assessment tool was canceled by both Houston ISD and the Texas Education Agency because Shaw was unable to produce validity and reliability studies or a technical manual, fatal flaws in any assessment instrument. Losing those contracts cost Shaw considerable current and future income.

§ Fuentes alleges that CEP charges twice the district per-pupil expenditure. She unfairly compares the average per-pupil cost with the cost of an alternative placement. As with all special programs, alternative education is more expensive. An honest comparison would have been between the slightly less than \$10,000 per-pupil cost of CEP and the \$17,000–\$21,000 the district was paying for district-run disciplinary alternative programs. CEP's charge was about half the district cost, and the program has been considerably more effective than the district's.

§ Fuentes's portrayal of the CEP program is not what we see in Houston. CEP takes students who disrupt the education of others and in many cases are headed toward dropping out and returns them with improved behavior, stronger academic skills and self-confidence. Had Fuentes contacted the teachers and principals who receive returning CEP students, she would have heard that repeatedly.

Fuentes systematically avoided contact with the two union presidents and their staff assigned to the CEP units. In Houston and Philadelphia, AFT affiliates are the bargaining agents for

CEP employees, in addition to representing public school employees. Had she made contact, Fuentes could have spoken to people who know the current program. We would have provided teachers from both CEP and the school district to explain the impact of CEP on our students. She would have heard many firsthand accounts from those who have seen this program turn the lives of children around in a positive manner.

GAYLE FALLON, ROSE CHRATAIN
Houston Federation of Teachers

Philadelphia

■ Annette Fuentes has twisted a few of the facts concerning the evaluation conducted by Temple University researchers. The evaluation study focused only on the 175 former CEP students who were transitioned back to the Philadelphia public schools at the beginning of the 2003–04 school year, and those students' progress on a number of factors and variables was monitored throughout the school year. Thus the population for the study was 175, not the 4,300 students mentioned in the article. While the university evaluation made reference to the CEP study as a way of describing the progress those 175 students had made while at CEP, the focus of the study was on student outcome data obtained after they returned to the public schools.

The study was really about the transitioning process and relied entirely on school district data—it was totally independent of CEP. The evaluation addressed many student outcomes, and positive findings were reported on most of the behavioral measures, such as attendance and suspensions. This suggests that student behavior was, indeed, transformed while attending CEP schools. However, relative to student achievement, the study concluded that "after the CEP intervention, student grades tend to revert to prior academic performance levels and are essentially the same, on average, as the comparison group." Finally, in terms of costs, the study reported that "the cost per CEP student is about \$11,350 or about \$2,000 more than the average per-pupil cost, with a substantial portion of the total amount reimbursed by the state."

WILLIAM EVANS
Center for Research in Human Development
and Education, Temple University

Philadelphia

■ As the CEO of the Philadelphia school district and the president of the Philadelphia Federation of Teachers, we wish to highlight a number of factual inaccuracies in Annette Fuentes's "Failing Students, Rising Profits." We were surprised that the writer had no in-

(Continued on Page 30)

EXCHANGE

- 2 NO CHILD LEFT BEHIND?
*Randle Richardson, Gayle Fallon, Rose
Chratain, William Evans, Paul Vallas, Ted
Kirsch, Walt Gardner, Annette Fuentes*

EDITORIALS & COMMENT

- 3 OUT OF GAS
6 GLOBAL STORM WARNING
Mark Hertsgaard
5 PEACENIKS FLOOD DC
Liza Featherstone
8 GITMO'S HUNGER STRIKERS
Clive Stafford Smith
8 IN FACT...
9 DELAY GETS HAMMERED
Ari Berman
10 AIDS CURE
David Levine

COLUMNS

- 6 DEADLINE POET
*George Bush, Take-Charge Guy...
Calvin Trillin*
11 BEAT THE DEVIL
*From Lymndie England to Shaquille O'Neal
Alexander Cockburn*
14 SUBJECT TO DEBATE
*Desperate Housewives of the Ivy League?
Katha Pollitt*

ARTICLES

- 15 RUNNING ON FUMES
*Will rising gas prices mean the end
for working-class American towns?
Sasha Abramsky*
20 CAN IT HAPPEN HERE?
*In Europe state support of Christianity
has alienated Muslims from society.
Richard Alba & Nancy Foner*

- 22 A DISEASE FOR EVERY PILL
*Big Pharma is heavily advertising drugs—
and the diseases that go with them.
Ray Moynihan & Alan Cassels*

- 26 LETTER FROM IRAN
*Getting to know Ahmadinejad.
Negar Azimi*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

- 31 EIGHT BOOKS ON GERMANY'S
UNMASTERED PAST
Mark M. Anderson
38 WEISS: The Aesthetics of Resistance
Noah Isenberg
40 ART
*Memorial to the Murdered Jews of Europe
Arthur C. Danto*
*Cover by Gene Case & Stephen Klingl
Avenging Angels; illustrations by
R. O. Blechman and Karen Caldicott*

EDITORIALS

Out of Gas

During George W. Bush's first months in office in 2001, before 9/11 swept all else aside, his top policy objective was to overcome the ongoing energy crisis, triggered by oil shortages, high gasoline prices and an overtaxed infrastructure. "The nation has got a real problem when it comes to energy," he declared in March of that year. "We need more sources of energy." To tackle this problem, Bush ordered Vice President Cheney to devise a new national energy strategy. The resulting blueprint, announced with great fanfare on May 17, 2001, called for a host of initiatives aimed at boosting the nation's energy supply. Today this strategy, like so much else touched by Hurricane Katrina, lies in ruins.

Signs of the wreckage abound. There are, first of all, the high gasoline prices caused by damage to the Gulf Coast's drilling wells and refineries. Working-class commuters in rural areas will be particularly hard-hit, as Sasha Abramsky points out on page 15. Rising fuel prices will also add to the cost of other products, including food. Home heating costs are expected to skyrocket, producing misery and illness—even death—for those on fixed incomes who cannot afford the inflated prices. Many workers in the airline and tourist industries will lose their jobs as high fuel costs eat into profits and discourage personal travel. All but the very rich will be affected in one way or another.

These effects are not merely the product of natural disaster. True, Katrina inflicted considerable damage on key oil and gas facilities, significantly adding to the nation's energy woes. But it only exacerbated a situation that was already becoming dire before August 29. What makes Katrina so significant is not its short-term consequences, which can be overcome, but the massive flaws

it exposed in the larger edifice of Administration policy.

These flaws derive from the driving thrust of the Cheney plan: to perpetuate the nation's addiction to cheap petroleum for another few decades, thereby preserving the power and profits of Big Oil (from which so many of the Bushies emerged) and postponing the costly and disruptive—but ultimately inevitable—transition to a post-petroleum energy system. The Cheney plan paid lip service to the need for conservation, but the emphasis was on increasing the supply rather than curbing the demand.

In pursuing its goals, however, the White House faced a monumental dilemma: The nation's appetite for cheap petroleum keeps growing, as more and more SUVs hit the road, while the amount available from domestic fields is in decline. To overcome this challenge, Cheney came up with two basic solutions: (1) boost output from offshore fields in America's coastal waters, most notably the Gulf of Mexico, and (2) increase imports from key foreign suppliers, particularly those in the Middle East, Africa and the Caspian Sea region. Progress in the first arena would be achieved through tax breaks, subsidies and environmental waivers for Big Oil; progress in the second would be promoted through diplomacy, economic incentives and—though this was not publicly acknowledged—"regime change."

The role of oil in precipitating the US invasion of Iraq is still widely disputed, but it is undeniable that White House officials were well aware of Iraq's potential as a giant filling station for the United States and were fully determined to replace Saddam Hussein with someone more amenable to this outcome. However, in their haste to topple Saddam, these officials did not pay heed to warnings about the deep ethno-religious schisms in Iraq, and were thus ill-prepared for the insurgency and sectarian conflict that have gripped the country since mid-2003. Among the many casualties of this violence is Iraq's oil output, which is lower

EDITORIALS

The Nation.

PUBLISHER: Victor Navasky

EDITOR: Katrina vanden Heuvel

MANAGING EDITOR: Karen Rothmyer (on leave)

LITERARY EDITOR: Adam Shatz

SENIOR EDITORS: Richard Lingeman, Betsy Reed, Bob Moser (interim),

Roane Carey (acting managing editor)

WEB EDITOR: Joan Connell

COPY EDITOR: Judith Long

ASSISTANT COPY EDITOR: Mark Sorkin

COPY ASSOCIATE: Lisa Vandepaer

ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR: Peggy Suttle

ASSISTANT LITERARY EDITOR: Christine Smallwood

INTERNS: Dan Bell, Joe Duax, Michael Fox, Sarah Goldstein, Sahar Habibi,

Emily Lodish, Shreema Mehta, Clarisse Profillet (Washington), Anna Louie Sussman

WASHINGTON, DC: EDITOR: David Corn; CORRESPONDENT: John Nichols

NATIONAL AFFAIRS CORRESPONDENT: William Greider

COLUMNISTS: Eric Alterman, Alexander Cockburn, Naomi Klein, Katha Pollitt, Patricia J. Williams

DEPARTMENTS: *Architecture*, Jane Holtz Kay; *Art*, Arthur C. Danto; *Books*, Lee Siegel; *Corporations*, Robert Sherrill; *Defense*, Michael T. Klare; *Environment*, Mark Hertsgaard; *Films*, Stuart Klawans; *Legal Affairs*, David Cole; *Music*, Jody Rosen; *Peace and Disarmament*, Jonathan Schell; *Poetry*, Grace Schulman; *United Nations*, Ian Williams; *Deadline Poet*, Calvin Trillin

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Kai Bird, George Black, Robert L. Borosage, Stephen F. Cohen, Marc Cooper, Mike Davis, Slavenka Drakulić, Robert Dreyfuss, Susan Faludi, Liza Featherstone, Thomas Ferguson, Doug Henwood, Max Holland, Molly Ivins, John Leonard, Michael Moore, Richard Pollak, Joel Rogers, Kirkpatrick Sale, Robert Scheer, Herman Schwartz, Ted Solotaroff, Edward Sorel, Gore Vidal, Jon Wiener, Amy Wilentz, Art Winslow

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS: Eyal Press, Scott Sherman, Ari Berman (Washington)

BUREAUS: *Budapest*, Miklós Vámos; *London*, Maria Margaronis and D.D. Guttenplan; *Southern Africa*, Mark Gevisser

EDITORIAL BOARD: Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Eric Foner, Philip Green, Lani Guinier, Tom Hayden, Randall Kennedy, Tony Kushner, Elinor Langer, Deborah W. Meier, Toni Morrison, Richard Parker, Michael Pertschuk, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, David Weir, Roger Wilkins

PRESIDENT: Teresa Stack

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER, SPECIAL PROJECTS/WEBSITE: Peter Rothberg
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER, DEVELOPMENT/ASSOCIATES: Peggy Randall

VICE PRESIDENT, ADVERTISING: Ellen Bollinger

ADVERTISING MANAGER, SMALL DISPLAY, EVENTS, CLASSIFIED: Leigh Novog

VICE PRESIDENT, CIRCULATION: Arthur Stupar

CIRCULATION MANAGER: Michelle O'Keefe

CIRCULATION FULFILLMENT MANAGER: Miriam Camp

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Omar Rubio

TYPOGRAPHER/WEB PRODUCER: Sandy McCroskey

PRODUCTION MANAGER: Timothy Don

NATION ASSOCIATES MANAGER: Peter Fifield

PUBLICITY/SYNDICATION DIRECTOR: Mike Webb

EDUCATION/COMMUNICATIONS COORDINATOR: Habiba Alcindor

VICE PRESIDENT, WEB SITE AND TECHNOLOGY: Scott Klein

TECHNOLOGY COORDINATOR: Amiri K. Barksdale

CONTROLLER: Mary van Valkenburg

ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER AND OFFICE MANAGER: Mary Taylor Schilling

DATA ENTRY/MAIL COORDINATOR: John Holtz

ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT: Kathleen Thomas

BUSINESS ASSISTANT: Joliange Wright

RECEPTIONIST/BUSINESS ASSISTANT: Larri Washington

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: E-mail to letters@thenation.com (300-word limit). Letters are subject to editing for reasons of space and clarity.

SUBMISSIONS: Queries only, no manuscripts. Go to www.thenation.com and click on "about," then "submissions" for a query form. Queries may be mailed to The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003. SASE for poems.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the second week in January, and biweekly the third week of July through the second week of September) by The Nation Company, L.P. © 2005 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, L.P., 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003. (212) 209-5400. Washington Bureau: Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: The Nation, PO Box 55149, Boulder, CO 80322-5149, or call 1-800-333-8536. Publications Mail Agreement No: 40041477. Return undeliverable Canadian addresses to Circulation Dept. or DPGM, 4960-2 Walker Road, Windsor, ON N9A 6J3. When ordering a subscription, please allow 4-6 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions. Back issues \$4 prepaid (\$6 foreign) from: The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003. The Nation is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The Nation, PO Box 55149, Boulder, CO 80322-5149. Printed in U.S.A. on recycled paper.

INTERNET: Selections from the current issue become available Thursday night at www.thenation.com.

now than before the US invasion. Nor has the United States succeeded in boosting the output of other foreign suppliers, many of which are also beset by ethnic and political disorders.

The one bright spot has been the Gulf of Mexico, which has accounted for the only significant increases in domestic oil output since Bush took office. Now, as a result of Katrina, and to a lesser extent Hurricane Rita, production in much of the Gulf has been halted, and it is unlikely that investors will deploy new \$1 billion drilling rigs in the path of future hurricanes.

At this point, no amount of rubber bands and chewing gum can stick the Administration's energy plan back together. Energy supplies will remain tight for years, and the economy will suffer accordingly. There is no supply-side solution to our energy woes; as the Apollo Alliance (www.apolloalliance.org) points out in its "Ten-Point Plan for Good Jobs and Energy Independence," only a concerted drive for conservation, investment in efficient, clean factories and the development of petroleum alternatives can provide relief. This requires a significant increase in mandatory fuel-efficiency standards for cars and trucks and the redeployment of federal subsidies from traditional energy systems to renewables, biofuels, public transportation and, eventually, hydrogen fuel cells.

Bush/Cheney will never choose this path voluntarily. Indeed, even as Bush hypocritically called for Americans to drive less and conserve energy, his allies in Congress were pushing for relaxed environmental standards on coastal drilling and for drilling in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. Only vigorous public pressure from across the spectrum will produce the necessary reforms. Fortunately, the American people are primed for a progressive energy policy. Surveys show widespread suspicion that oil companies are price-gouging. They also show overwhelming support for a windfall-profits tax to be used to develop alternative sources of energy, lessening America's dependence on imported oil. It remains for politicians to heed the call, before we run out of gas.

COMMENT

Global Storm Warning

How many killer hurricanes will it take before America gets serious about global warming? It's hard to imagine a more clear-cut wake-up call than Hurricane Katrina; environmentally speaking, it was nearly the perfect storm. In a single catastrophic event, it brought together the most urgent environmental problem of our time—global warming—with the most telling but least acknowledged environmental truth: When the bill for our collective behavior comes due, it is invariably the non-white, nonaffluent members of society who pay a disproportionate share. And who said Mother Nature has no sense of irony? Katrina (and then Rita) struck at a major production site for America's oil and natural gas—the two carbon-based fuels that, along with coal, help drive global warming.

What's more, Katrina's primary target already ranked as the

COMMENT

most environmentally ravaged state in the union. Louisiana is home to "Cancer Alley," a 100-mile stretch between New Orleans and Baton Rouge that contains the greatest concentration of petrochemical factories in the United States. Pollution from those factories has punished nearby communities—again, mainly poor and black—for decades, as Steve Lerner documented in his recent book *Diamond*. This pollution has also drained into the Mississippi River, where it joins fertilizer and pesticide runoff from millions of acres of Midwestern farmland to flow into the Gulf of Mexico, creating a massive "dead zone" off the Louisiana coast—1,400 square miles of ocean floor as bereft of life as an Arizona desert. The dead zone would be smaller except that Louisiana, like America as a whole, has lost a third of its coastal wetlands to economic development. Wetlands filter out impurities, much as the liver does for the human body. They also perform a second vital ecosystem function, acting as buffers that absorb and diminish the giant waves that hurricanes generate before they strike inland. Louisiana's loss of wetlands helps explain why the floods Katrina unleashed ended up overrunning 466 chemical factories, thirty-one Superfund sites and 500 sewage treatment plants, according to the *Times-Picayune* and the *Houston Chronicle*, leaving behind a toxic soup whose long-term health effects are incalculable.

Despite these horrors some leading environmentalists see a potential silver lining in Katrina: They believe it may finally awaken the United States from its environmental complacency, especially about global warming. "Sea-level rise and increased storm intensity are no longer abstract, long-term issues but are associated with horrific pictures seen on television every evening," says Christopher Flavin, president of the Worldwatch Institute.

Yes, the Bush Administration and its right-wing allies will continue to deny that global warming exists and resist cutting carbon emissions. But global warming foot-draggers have succeeded in the past largely because the public was confused about whether the problem really existed. That confusion was encouraged by the mainstream media, which in the name of journalistic "balance" gave equal treatment to global warming skeptics and proponents alike, even though the skeptics represented a tiny fringe of scientific opinion and often were funded by companies with a financial interest in discrediting global warming. Katrina, however, may mark a turning point for the media as well as the public.

"The reaction has been more positive than any time in the sixteen years that I've been trying to make noise about global warming," says Bill McKibben, author of the 1989 classic *The End of Nature*. The day after Katrina hit, McKibben wrote an article for TomDispatch.com arguing that the devastation of New Orleans was, alas, only the first of many global warming disasters destined to strike in the twenty-first century. When McKibben appeared on radio shows to discuss the article, he says, "Everyone, and I mean everyone, who called in said, Thank heaven someone is saying this stuff, because it's what I'm thinking about all the time now."

"Had I said this stuff two years ago, the reactions would have ranged from skeptical to hostile, except for the liberal outlets," says Ross Gelbspan, whose Op-Ed article in the *Boston Globe* arguing that Katrina's "real name was global warming" led to

forty-five media appearances. Gelbspan, who exposed industry funding of global warming skeptics in his book *The Heat Is On*, adds, "Even a couple of hostile, initially antagonistic right-wing talk-show hosts were drawn into the discussion—and their remarks turned from provocative to curious to sympathetic."

"There aren't many reporters left who believe the skeptics," says Phil Clapp, president of the National Environmental Trust. Clapp credits the joint statement issued by eleven of the world's national academies of science (including America's), before last June's meeting of the G-8 nations, declaring that global warming was a grave danger requiring immediate attention. "You may not have seen headlines screaming that Katrina was caused by global warming," Clapp adds, "but every reporter I've talked to has come to the position in their own mind that we have to prepare for global warming's effects."

But what journalists think in their own minds matters less than what they put on the air and in the papers. And given the gravity of the situation, screaming headlines are warranted. It's true that global warming can't be definitively blamed for one particular weather event; weather is the product of too many different factors to allow such specificity. Seizing on this fact, skeptics now trumpet scientific studies that portray Katrina as simply a manifestation of a natural long-term pattern in which first strong then weak hurricanes predominate. That pattern is real, but it doesn't invalidate global warming; the two trends can co-exist. The scientists at RealClimate.org offer a useful analogy: Imagine a set of dice loaded so that double sixes come up twice as often as normal. If the dice are then rolled and double sixes do come up, the loading may or may not be responsible for the result; after all, regular dice sometimes yield double sixes, too. All that's certain is that over time the frequency of double sixes will increase. Likewise, Katrina might have been an extra-powerful hurricane even if humanity had never emitted a single greenhouse gas. But over time, humanity's loading of the climatic dice guarantees that there will be more killer hurricanes like Katrina. We'd better get ready, and quickly.

MARK HERTSGAARD

Mark Hertsgaard, The Nation's environment correspondent, is the author, most recently, of Earth Odyssey and The Eagle's Shadow.

Peaceniks Flood DC

In Dulles airport, on the morning of the September 24 antiwar protest, alongside the Washington Monument fridge magnets, a gift shop hawked a curious sign of the times: a T-shirt bearing the slogan DON'T BLAME ME—I VOTED FOR KERRY. There was no pro-Bush T-shirt offering political "balance," and the item was the most prominent in the store. Given Kerry's own failure to vote against the war, of course, the T-shirt reflected the dearth, within the political establishment, of true opponents of war and mayhem. But it was just another sign of how mainstream anti-Bush sentiment has become, along with the President's low approval ratings and the fact that more than half of Americans now oppose the war on Iraq. In such a climate,

COMMENT

especially in the aftermath of the Administration's disgraceful response to Hurricane Katrina, it seemed that the day's march should have drawn at least a million people.

But organizing is never as simple as that. The two major coalitions behind the day's events, United for Peace and Justice (UFPJ) and ANSWER (Act Now to Stop War and End Racism), had spent much of the summer fighting with each other. ANSWER attracts criticism wherever it goes, for such problems as a lack of political nuance (on issues ranging from Israel to North Korea) and a bullying attitude toward other antiwar groups. Many UFPJ activists had been reluctant to co-sponsor Saturday's events with ANSWER, arguing that the disagreements between the groups were real and that political alliances should not be forged out of fear (in this case, the well-founded fear that unless the groups joined forces, ANSWER would sabotage UFPJ). Others countered that the general protesting public doesn't care about the differences between antiwar groups and is annoyed and confused when two protests occur on the same day, an inevitable outcome of refusing to join forces. Besides, these big-tent advocates insisted, when the movement's divisions are exposed so plainly, everyone looks weak.

The success of the day proved that those in the latter camp were right. While some liberals were scared away by ANSWER's participation, a huge number of Americans—at least 100,000,

probably many more—did attend. They traveled from places as divergent as Louisville, Kentucky, and Orange County, California. The march included many more families with children than usual and was more racially diverse. Plenty of clean-cut suburbanites turned out, some still proudly carrying a torch for the Kerry or Dean campaign. For the first time in history, a labor delegation assembled at the AFL-CIO headquarters, where it joined the march, a sizable and vocal crew.

In contrast with past ANSWER-sponsored protests, which have had a sterile, McLeftist feel and aired a laundry list of grievances of interest to only a tiny minority, this one expressed—through the marchers' own messages, scrawled on thousands of handmade signs, and in the speakers' exhortations from the podium—a unified, clear and eloquent opposition to the war on the Iraqi people and its toll on domestic priorities, especially as exemplified by the tragedy in the Louisiana/Mississippi Gulf. Speakers like Jesse Jackson, George Galloway and Cindy Sheehan were inspiring and succinct. Sheehan said, "Not one person should have died, and not one more person should die."

New Orleans was on everyone's lips, as a clear example of this Administration's callous indifference toward people on its own shores, and the most omnipresent—and best—slogan of the day was MAKE LEVEES NOT WAR. The march expressed strong values, not just about war and peace but about the

CALVIN TRILLIN

A NEW GILBERT AND SULLIVAN SONG ABOUT GEORGE W. BUSH AS A TAKE-CHARGE GUY

I keep my slicker by my bed, and, sure, my bullmike's
handy too.
With these, it looks as if I've got the slightest notion
what to do.
On Air Force One my staff and I will fly to every storm
we're fighting.
My staff's prepared. They've studied film. They've got
technique. They know backlighting.
You'll soon forget the FEMA hacks appointed, one and
all, by me.
A leader is a man who finds a photo opportunity.

CHORUS

No matter what, there'll always be a photo opportunity.
And otherwise, I'm always free for loafing with impunity.
Because, you see, we all agree: With Karl there to fine
tune it, he
Can find a way to picture me at one with the community.
No matter what, there'll always be a photo opportunity.

So clueless had I seemed before—for days when that
Katrina hit—
I have to show some leadership: The slicker is a
perfect fit.
No way that I'd be in the way, the way the coverage
implied.
To get the shot, we've never pushed one rescue worker
to the side.
So, clueless still, you say, but watch: That's not how
folks will picture me,
For now each storm will be for me a photo opportunity.

CHORUS

No matter what, there'll always be a photo opportunity.
And otherwise, I'm always free for loafing with impunity.
Because, you see, we all agree: With Karl there to fine
tune it, he
Can find a way to picture me at one with the community.
No matter what, there'll always be a photo opportunity.

Now get **FREE** new and improved Bulbs for Life†

A floor lamp that spreads sunshine all over a room, and pays for itself!



**CALL TODAY
TO RECEIVE
FREE BULBS FOR LIFE†
AND FREE SHIPPING††**

*The Balanced Spectrum® floor lamp combines the benefits of natural daylight indoors with a savings of \$77 over the life of one bulb!**

Ever since the first human went into a dark cave and built a fire, people have realized the importance of proper indoor lighting. Unfortunately, since Edison invented the light bulb, lighting technology has remained relatively prehistoric. Modern light fixtures do little to combat many symptoms of improper lighting, such as eyestrain, dryness or burning. As more and more of us spend longer hours in front of a computer monitor, the results are compounded. And the effects of indoor lighting are not necessarily limited to physical well-being. Many people believe that the quantity and quality of light can play a part in one's mood and work performance. Now there's a better way to bring the positive benefits of natural sunlight indoors.

The Balanced Spectrum® floor lamp will change the way you see and feel about your living or work spaces. Studies show that sunshine can lift your mood and your energy levels. But as we all know the sun, unfortunately, does not always shine. So to bring the benefits of natural daylight indoors, use the floor lamp that simulates the full spectrum of daylight. You will see with more clarity and enjoyment as this lamp provides sharp visibility for close tasks and reduces eyestrain.

Its 27-watt compact bulb is the equivalent to a 150-watt ordinary light bulb. This makes it perfect for activities such as reading, writing, sewing, needlepoint, and especially for aging eyes.

We've looked at lots of lights, but this one offers the benefit of dual light levels of 27 and 18 watts of power equivalent to 150- and 100-watt incandescent bulbs. This lamp has a flexible gooseneck design for maximum efficiency, with an "Instant On" switch that is flicker-free. The high-tech electronics, user-friendly design, and bulb that lasts 10 times longer than an ordinary bulb make this lamp a must-have.

SAVE \$77 over the life of one Balanced Spectrum® bulb*

A 150-watt incandescent bulb uses \$0.013 per hour in energy cost. The Balanced Spectrum® bulb uses an average of **70% less energy** which saves you \$0.009 per hour. Based on 8,000 hours bulb life, the Balanced Spectrum® bulb will save **\$72** in energy cost. *Plus*, because the Balanced Spectrum® bulb lasts 10 times longer than an incandescent bulb priced at an average of \$0.50, an additional **\$5** savings is realized.

**Source: "Lighting the Way to Energy Savings"; 1999

Free Bulbs for Life†



Technology revolutionizes
the light bulb

- 8,000 hours bulb life
- Energy efficient
- Shows true colors

Height as shown: 50"

"As soon as I turned on the lamp and began to read the newspaper I could see the wonderful difference."

Donna E.
Scranton, PA

Try the Balanced Spectrum® floor lamp for the best value ever! Now more than ever is the time to add sunshine to every room in your home at this fantastic low price! The Balanced Spectrum® floor lamp comes with a 1-year manufacturer's limited warranty and firstSTREET's exclusive guarantee. Try this product for 90 days and return it for the product purchase price if not completely satisfied.

Balanced Spectrum® floor lamp

Item# BS-3589 was ~~\$59.95~~

***Save \$10** with mail-in rebate

Only \$49.95 ea + S&H after rebate

†FREE Bulbs for Life. Order one Balanced Spectrum® floor lamp; if it ever needs a new bulb, we'll send you a free bulb valued at \$24.95, and ALL you pay is S&H.

- or -

††Order two Balanced Spectrum® floor lamps and get FREE Bulbs for Life† plus FREE shipping on both lamps.

††Free shipping within the Continental U.S. Only.

Please mention promotional code 30540.

For fastest service, call toll-free 24 hours a day

888-933-6684

We accept all major credit cards, as well as payment by check with ClearTran™ over the phone.

To order by mail, please call for details

www.balancedspectrum.com

firstSTREET™
SEE IT HERE FIRST

Formerly TechnoScout®

1998 Ruffin Mill Road • Colonial Heights, VA 23834

All rights reserved. © 2005 firstSTREET, Inc.

40784

COMMENT

proper role of government and who pays the price for Bush's policies. Marching toward the White House, students from Manhattan's Vanguard High School chanted, "Bush is a terrorist!" They were angry, they explained, that Bush was spending money on the war and had done so little to help the hurricane victims in Louisiana. "It's just wrong! And it's so retarded," said Thays Barcelos, a tenth grader. "It's so retarded I can't even believe it!"

As we passed the White House, another group of young people shouted, "Move, Bush! Get out of the way!" That chant, in its impatient spirit, sounded just right. Bush and his war are obstacles to human progress, a distraction from problems that need to—and can—be solved, like inequality and global warming. Yet where is the supposed opposition party? No major Democratic leader spoke at the march, or even attended, despite the growing majority of the public that is against the war. Many marchers—including members of Camp Casey, the group that has been traveling with Cindy Sheehan—have been lobbying their Democratic Representatives to speak out against the war and at least set forth a timetable for withdrawal. Bush's presidency probably can't be resuscitated from the twin crises of Iraq and Katrina, but it's not clear the Democrats have the vision or gusto to step over its corpse. Let's hope a growing movement will leave them no other choice.

LIZA FEATHERSTONE

Liza Featherstone is a Nation contributing editor.

Gitmo's Hunger Strikers

"I am slowly dying in this solitary prison cell," says Omar Deghayes, a British refugee and Guantánamo Bay prisoner. "I have no rights, no hope. So why not take my destiny into my own hands, and die for a principle?"

This magazine goes to press on the forty-ninth day of the Guantánamo hunger strike. In 1981 near Belfast, Bobby Sands and nine other members of the IRA starved themselves to death. The prisoners had insisted that they be treated as POWs rather than criminals. They died before the British government accepted that its use of kangaroo courts and its policy of "criminalization" did not just betray democratic principles; these methods functioned as the most persuasive recruiting sergeant the IRA ever had. How soon these lessons are forgotten. Three and a half years of internment without trial in Guantánamo, and any US claim to be the standard-bearer of the rule of law has dissolved.

But there are two important distinctions between the experience of Sands and Omar Deghayes: The US military has insisted on secrecy regarding Guantánamo, and the US media have been compliant in their apathy. Despite the traditional British hostility to free speech, every moment of Bobby Sands's decline was broadcast live. In contrast, nothing we lawyers learn from our Guantánamo clients can be revealed until it passes the US government censors. Thus, two weeks went by before the public even

In Fact . . .

HEY, THE SYSTEM'S WORKING!

■ Bleeding hearts have been calling the bungled response to Hurricane Katrina a systemic failure of government at all levels. Actually, the "system"—at least the Washington sector of it—is up and running quite well, thank you. Like clockwork FEMA awarded cleanup contracts to the usual well-connected companies, including the Shaw Group and Kellogg, Brown & Root, both represented by former FEMA head Joe Allbaugh, a Bush pal. AshBritt, a Florida company tied to former GOP National Committee chair and Mississippi Governor Haley Barbour, scooped up trash removal contracts worth \$568 million. The *New York Times* reports that of \$1.5 billion in contracts awarded by FEMA thus far, 80 percent were no-bidders. On September 26 a Katrina Reconstruction Summit, held in the shadow of the Capitol, drew 200 lobbyists hungrily eying the \$200 billion federal disaster prize. Congress has already cleared the way for maximum profits by suspending minimum-wage laws for construction work, handing out tax incentives and gutting environmental regulations. On the charity front, FEMA announced it will directly reimburse churches for Katrina and Rita relief efforts, and the Red Cross said it needs to raise another \$1 billion to cover added costs. And the FDA did a bang-up job protecting our shores against mad cow disease by confiscating millions' worth of British Army MREs, donated to feed evacuees, saying they violated import regulations.

A WIN FOR THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY 4

■ On March 17, 2003, four Catholic peace activists left smears of their blood in the vestibule of an Army recruiting center near Ithaca, New York. The Justice Department tried to slap them with a charge of "conspiracy to impede by force, intimidation and threat" an officer of the US Army, a felony carrying a possible six-year prison term, along with several misdemeanor charges. On September 26 a jury acquitted them of the felony rap—a victory (see Peter Rothberg, www.thenation.com).

MINORITY/MAJORITY

- **Permanent Minority.** Three Democratic senators—Patrick Leahy, Russell Feingold and Herb Kohl—voted for archconservative Supreme Court nominee John Roberts in the Senate Judiciary Committee, despite Roberts's extreme views on privacy, civil rights and women's rights.
- **Toward the Majority.** With nine in ten Americans telling pollsters that oil companies are engaging in price-gouging, Senator Byron Dorgan is crafting legislation to create a windfall-profits tax on the oil industry.

—DAVID SIROTA

COMMENT

knew there was a hunger strike, and the military has been allowed to dissemble on the details since.

From its inception, Guantánamo has relied on a soldier-speak that is replete with half-truths and distortions. In 2002 there was a ripple of concern at the number of Guantánamo detainees trying to take their own lives. The military then announced that suicide attempts had radically declined. It took a foreign journalist to expose the truth: The very word "suicide" had been replaced by the authorities with the term Manipulative Self-Injurious Behavior (SIB)—and there were still plenty of SIBs. The military was lying by semantics.

Similar dissimulation is taking place around the Guantánamo hunger strike, which began June 28. It was suspended July 28, when the military promised various concessions, terrified at the public relations prospect of having six prisoners in the hospital within forty-eight hours of death. The strike started again on August 11, because the detainees concluded that the military had broken its promises.

Defense Secretary Rumsfeld has insisted that the Guantánamo prisoners are being treated in a manner "consistent" with the Geneva Conventions. To end their hunger strike, the detainees ask simply that they be treated in a manner "consistent with the Geneva Conventions." If Rumsfeld is telling the truth, why would the prisoners have to starve themselves to death?

The Conventions mandate that, unless convicted of a crime, "prisoners of war may not be held in close confinement." In Camp V each detainee is held in a Supermax solitary cell, hermetically sealed from all human contact, allowed out for just one hour each week. The detainees there include juveniles and even Sami Al Laithi, held for more than four months in his wheelchair after being found innocent by the US military's own biased tribunals.

The Conventions forbid coercive interrogations. The prisoners reasonably objected when, on August 5, Hisham Sliti had a mini-refrigerator thrown at him by an interrogator nicknamed King Kong.

The Conventions guarantee the free exercise of religion. So why, the detainees demand, haven't they been allowed to meet with an imam for three years? Why is collective prayer curtailed? And why was a Yemeni prisoner recently beaten and his Koran trampled because he asked to finish his prayers before responding to a guard's demand?

The conclusion is inescapable: The detainees have a series of valid complaints, and Rumsfeld is not telling the truth.

Governments did learn one lesson from Bobby Sands: He is famous because he died. The US military is determined not to allow its prisoners to make this ultimate, tragic political statement. Thus, the military admits to force-feeding prisoners. Recently its spin doctors changed the phrase to "assisted feeding," another attempt to hide the truth of what is going on. During the July hunger strike, prisoners tore the needles out of their arms to prevent drip-feeding, so the military is now using nose tubes. They assure us that none of the twenty-one people in the Guantánamo hospital will be able to kill himself.

But someone committed to self-starvation could easily remove such a tube, if he had any freedom of movement. So we can surmise that there is a line of twenty-one hospital beds, each

with a prisoner held tight in four-point restraints. His head must be strapped down, immobile, and forcible sedation seems probable. Hardly the image evoked by the term "assisted feeding."

Deprived of legal rights, the Guantánamo detainees must rely on public scrutiny to protect them. This is also true for detainees in Iraq, where the United States has acknowledged it is bound by Geneva, but where soldiers recently interviewed by Human Rights Watch describe systemic humiliation and torture, encouraged by military higher-ups. The only lasting solution is for the United States to practice what it preaches, rather than hide its hypocrisy behind a smokescreen of secrecy and semantics. Human rights enforcement is the most effective counterterrorism measure the US government can take, and deep down its leaders have always known this. The United States signed the Geneva Conventions more than fifty years ago. Surely Rumsfeld has had enough time to work out how to apply them.

CLIVE STAFFORD SMITH

Clive Stafford Smith is legal director of Reprieve (www.reprieve.org.uk).

DeLay Gets Hammered

The Republican Party's once copious political capital is quickly eroding. As we go to press, House majority leader Tom DeLay has just been indicted by a Texas grand jury on one count of criminal conspiracy in a fast-moving money-laundering case. "I have notified the speaker that I will temporarily step aside from my position as majority leader," DeLay said in a statement following the stunning final day of the grand jury's term. The Republican Party's go-to guy, famously nicknamed "The Hammer," finally got whacked.

DeLay's indictment comes on the heels of charges that top political aide James Ellis and veteran fundraiser John Colyandro illegally funneled \$190,000 in corporate contributions to candidates for the Texas legislature through the national GOP. "The indictment charges DeLay with conspiring with Ellis and Colyandro to violate the Texas Election Code by contributing corporate money to certain candidates for the Texas Legislature," said the statement from DA Ronnie Earle. "It describes a scheme whereby corporate, or 'soft,' money, was sent to the Republican National Committee where it was exchanged for 'hard' money, or money raised from individuals, and sent to those candidates." The probe initially focused on violations of Texas election law but was broadened to include conspiracy charges. DeLay's modus operandi—the ruthless accumulation of money and favors to benefit corporate interests and far-right Republicans—may ultimately secure his demise. In essence, he got caught for doing business as usual.

The indictment sent a shock wave through the GOP establishment, which is already reeling from a mass of criminal and ethics investigations. Three individuals, eight corporations and two political action committees connected to DeLay have been indicted as a result of the probe. In addition, the government's top procurement official, David Safavian, was arrested in September for obstructing a criminal investigation of *über*-lobbyist Jack Abramoff, a close DeLay ally. Abramoff himself is under criminal investigation for defrauding Indian tribes and was indicted for wire fraud

in Florida in a separate case. Top White House aides, including Karl Rove and Scooter Libby, have been targeted by a special prosecutor investigating the outing of CIA agent Valerie Plame. Representative Randy "Duke" Cunningham announced he would not run for re-election after overselling his house by \$700,000 to a military industry lobbyist. FDA chief Lester Crawford resigned unexpectedly after just two months on the job, possibly because of failure to report his wife's sizable pharmaceutical-industry holdings. And DeLay's Senate counterpart, Bill Frist, is battling possible insider-trading charges for dumping millions in HCA stock, a company founded by his father and run by his brother, weeks before it plunged in value. The US Attorney in Manhattan and the Securities and Exchange Commission opened an investigation into Frist and HCA in September.

"The fact that Tom DeLay is under criminal indictment and Senate majority leader Bill Frist is under criminal investigation is a historic first," says Melanie Sloan of Citizens for Responsibility and Ethics in Washington (CREW). "This demonstrates the culture of corruption among the Congressional leadership that has become a cancer on our country."

CREW helped former Representative Chris Bell file an ethics complaint against DeLay in June 2004, which led to three admonishments by the House Ethics Committee: for blackmailing a lawmaker to support the Medicare "reform" bill, for trading campaign contributions for legislation and for illegally ordering the Federal Aviation Administration to track down Texas legislators who protested his 2002 redistricting plan. That plan, which DeLay rammed down the throats of the legislature, boosted the GOP House majority. More than a few conservative Republicans owe their rise to DeLay. Consequently, last November House Republicans repealed a rule mandating that a member of the leadership step down if indicted. Fearing backlash from party

moderates and voters, the leadership quickly reinstated the rule. But old habits die hard: House majority whip Roy Blunt, recently dubbed one of the thirteen "most corrupt" members of Congress by CREW, will temporarily replace DeLay.

DeLay's iron-fist ruling style was said to be an integral part of the GOP's successes. Unprecedented party loyalty, powerful connections to big business and lobbyists on K Street, fundraising prowess, and backing from the White House and Senate leadership reinforced the perception that DeLay and his cronies were untouchable. Lawmakers who didn't vote with the leadership were thrown off committees. Those who didn't meet annual fundraising requirements were blocked from ascending the party ladder. Lobbyists who didn't identify as Republicans were told to take their business elsewhere. The arrogance of power has now been exposed, with DeLay and Frist as prime examples.

In a recent Democracy Corps poll, 60 percent said the country is moving in the wrong direction. A generic Democrat running for Congress in 2006 beats a generic Republican by 9 percent in polls. Congress's approval is at an all-time low, and so is Bush's: 45 percent of respondents in the Democracy Corps poll are "finished with him." More and more Americans will learn about Congressional leaders through the lens of scandal and sleaze, underscoring the impression that Republicans care more about special interests than average Americans. "DeLay's name ID spiked as the scandals grew," says Karl Agne of Democracy Corps. "Now it's up to Democrats to distance themselves from the mess in Washington and articulate what they're going to do differently."

Bush promised during the 2000 presidential campaign to "change the culture of Washington." His Republican majority succeeded—for the worse.

ARI BERMAN

Ari Berman is a Nation contributing writer.

AIDS Cure

David Levine



ALEXANDER COCKBURN

From Lynndie England to Shaquille O'Neal

A way to prison for three years goes Lynndie England, her pleas for mercy ignored by the military panel in Fort Hood, Texas. So what's the tally so far to indicate America's revulsion over the systematic use of torture by its own forces? It tots up to a handful of rednecks. Scot-free go those who inherited a secret system of torture that goes back decades and who insured that its relentless and widening application would soon bring the practice to light. The framers of the policy go free. The lawyers who gave torture its new garb of legality plump themselves down in richly endowed chairs at our most esteemed law schools or are rewarded with seats on the Supreme Court. The senior military officers who ordered the use of dogs, isolation cells smeared with filth, water boards and other techniques designed to drive their captives mad have escaped all sanction, except for the eloquent reproofs of Maj. Gen. Antonio Taguba. *Lumpen* intellectuals, like Jonathan Alter and Alan Dershowitz, who clamored for torture need fear no indictment or downtime on the cable shows.

If there was a real party of opposition, maybe those who mandated the new torture system would face some sanction. If Democratic Party leaders had made an issue of it, some fiber would have been given to the calls for punitive sanction of the engineers of the torture systems. But top Democrats were silent. Torture was not an issue in the Kerry campaign. And the grunts were abandoned as surely as Kerry abandoned the rednecks of Appalachia and the working poor across America.

Thus it is, with each month that passes, the Democratic Party seems to have touched bottom. Then it promptly sinks even deeper into the ooze of cowardice and irrelevance. While Interstate 45 from Galveston to Houston was clogged with evacuees fleeing the wrath of Hurricane Rita, there was a similar jam on the Beltway round Washington, as Democrats fled the city on the eve of the September 24 antiwar rally, panic-stricken lest their presence in Washington be construed as endorsement of the rally's antiwar message.

Here's a war the voting population of the United States views with a hostility that's soaring by the day. The latest CNN/*USA Today*/Gallup poll, released September 19, shows 67 percent disapproving of Bush's Iraq strategy—a jump of 9 percent since their last poll less than a month before; 63 percent want to see a pullout, partial or full; and half of the latest *New York Times*/CBS poll's sample declare that Iraq will never become a democracy. It looks very much as though attitudes toward the war no longer break along traditional party lines: 40 percent of Republicans oppose their own President on the war.

At the rally only Ralph Nader pointed out that Republicans may be the antiwar movement's prime emerging market. The Homeward Bound resolution, which calls for the withdrawal of American troops beginning in October 2006, is co-sponsored by two Republicans, Walter Jones of North Carolina and Ron Paul of Texas.

You'd think that on the most elementary precepts of po-



litical self-advancement Congressional Democrats would have been besieging the rally's organizers for a speaker's slot. But the Democrats have not only forgotten how to fix elections, they've lost the simplest political instincts of all, opportunism and grandstanding. Not ten, not five, but precisely one Congressional Democrat, Cynthia McKinney—a woman the Democrats tried their best to destroy three years ago—addressed the 150,000 people on the Ellipse protesting the war in Iraq.

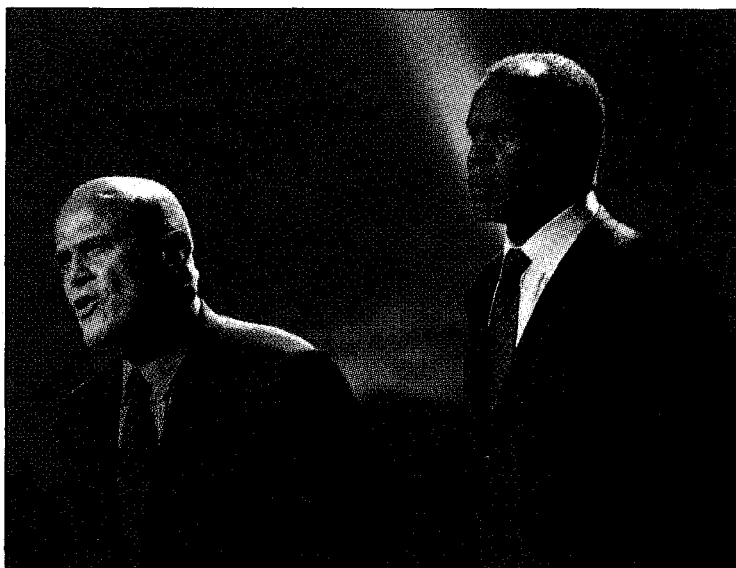
For those interested in some of the reasons for this incredible abdication, we can cite former NSA staffer and muckraker Wayne Madsen, who reported the day of the rally that "according to Democratic insiders on Capitol Hill AIPAC put out the word that any member of Congress who appeared at the protest, where some speakers were to represent pro-Palestinian views, would face their political wrath." Madsen wrote that three members of Congress had been scheduled to speak at the rally—McKinney, Lynn Woolsey and John Conyers.

Insofar as there is an official position on the war from Democrats, it's presumably the US Army Relief Act put forth by Senators Joseph Lieberman, Hillary Clinton, Bill Nelson, Jack Reed and Representatives Ellen Tauscher and Mark Udall. Reed, Tauscher and Udall are among the most liberal Democrats on the Hill. The act calls for an increase in troop strength by 80,000 over the next four years. This is not a position that is finding much favor among American voters. The recent CNN poll registered just 8 percent of respondents, both Democrats and Republicans, as supporting an increase in US troop strength in Iraq.

There's scant doubt that 2008 will see an antiwar Democrat running in the presidential primaries. It might well be Senator Russell Feingold of Wisconsin, although it seems Feingold's wife cited his presidential ambitions as one of the reasons she was divorcing him, a plan she disclosed to the senator earlier this year. But Feingold fled the September 24 rally just like the others. Perhaps he feared jeers from the demonstrators for his bizarre performance in another arena, the hearings on John Roberts for Chief Justice. After flaying Roberts with his questions, Feingold meekly voted to approve the nomination of this profound anti-civil libertarian who might well be leading the Supreme Court through the first half of the twenty-first century.

The prime loyal Democratic voting bloc left consists of black Americans. If one facet of Roberts's career is indisputable, it's his lifelong hostility toward, and efforts to undermine, civil rights laws and federal court rulings on desegregation. This carries scant weight among Democrats on the Hill. You want further evidence of Democratic collapse? How many of them went to New Orleans to protest the most glaring exhibition of racism in America since Bull Connor wielded his cattle prod? Shaquille O'Neal, who had tons of aid trucked to the Crescent City, couldn't even assemble a full basketball team out of the paltry number of big-time Democrats who came to New Orleans in its hours of crisis. ■

Harry Belafonte and
Danny Glover
announce Vanguard
Public Foundation's
contribution of
\$200,000 to the Higher
Ground Hurricane
Relief Fund at
nationally televised
benefit concert



Danny Glover:

John Coltrane once said "the main thing a musician would like to do, is to give a picture to the listener of the many wonderful things he knows of and senses in the universe." When Miles Davis asked him why he played so long, Coltrane answered, "It took that long to get it all in."

New Orleans is the site of so many "wonderful things", the city being a great crossroads of diverse peoples, languages, architectures, cuisines, and rhythms through the centuries. But it has also been the site of shameful things - slavery, exploitation and neglect.

It is a tribute to jazz musicians that they sought to "get it all in". The music itself - vital, transformative, seductive, subversive and often improvised - provided the record that tied each generation to the next. Out of suffering and hardship, we have heard time and again jazz artists rediscover possibility. Such is the power of imagination. And hence, the critical importance of this evening's effort.

When the hurricane struck the Gulf and the floodwaters rose and tore through New Orleans, plunging its remaining population into a carnival of misery, it did not turn the region into a Third World country - as it has

been disparagingly implied in the media - it revealed one. It revealed the disaster within the disaster: grueling poverty rose to the surface like a bruise to our skin.

But the storm not only revealed the poverty of those most vulnerable, those left behind. It revealed the poverty of skewed priorities that put the shoulder of technology to the wheel of death rather than life, creating killing machines that are now called "smart" and surveillance systems that, in the words of the great Guyanese poet Martin Carter, "are watching you sleep and aiming at your dreams."

Mother Nature revealed the poverty of a mindset that narrowly views security as a military issue. That is blind to the role of culture in sustaining the mental health and social wellness of people, which is also the basis for economic productivity. Blind to the role of culture in education, through which we are prepared for our responsibilities in a democracy. And hostile to the role of culture in the search for truth.

Hurricane Katrina revealed, more than anything else, a poverty of imagination.

Harry Belafonte:

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. once said, "True compassion is more than throwing a coin to a beggar. It demands of our humanity that if we live in a society that produces beggars, we are morally commanded to restructure that society."

Let us challenge what we have been told was inevitable: Katrina was not "unforeseeable", the loss of life and suffering was not "unavoidable". It was the result of a political authority that sub-contracts its responsibility to the private sector and abdicates responsibility altogether when it comes to housing, health care, education and even evacuation.

As New Orleans rebuilds, let us also ensure that reconstruction does not result in further victimization. Let us support the efforts of those people in the Delta who have stated that they "will not go quietly into the night, scattering across this country to become homeless shadows in countless other cities while federal relief funds are funneled into rebuilding casinos, hotels and chemical plants..." Let us ensure that those victimized by this tragedy will be empowered to actively participate in the reclaiming, rebuilding and improvement of their communities.

The gift of music is to bring people together, to create not only a shared identity, but to embrace a shared humanity. To truly know ourselves is to realize how we are connected to each other.

Many people this evening have described the beauty, the Creole and spice, the gumbo that is New Orleans; the African roots, blues, gospel and many other musical traditions that have come together to create that uniquely American art form: jazz.

And the meaning of jazz, is life. Whether we receive it as a blend of many notes reflecting diverse traditions, or as John Coltrane might have it: as one note, played in endless variations.

Let us commit ourselves to the service of life.

The Vanguard Public Foundation, which Danny Glover and I serve, has a long history of social justice philanthropy and activism, and has established a People's Hurricane Relief Fund. And tonight, on the occasion of this inspiring benefit convened by Wynton Marsalis, the Vanguard Foundation is making a donation of \$200,000 to the Higher Ground Hurricane Relief Fund.

"The Vanguard Foundation strives to eradicate racism in all its manifestations and promote civil rights, economic justice, gender equality and community empowerment." --**Hari Dillon**, President,
Vanguard Public Foundation

To donate to the People's Hurricane Relief Fund, and/or for more information about Vanguard, call (415) 487-2111 or visit www.vanguardsf.org

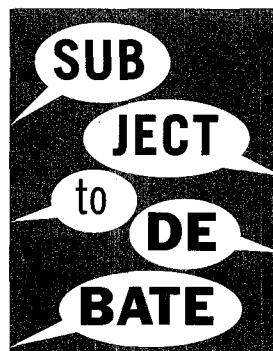
To donate to the Higher Ground Hurricane Relief Fund and/or for more information, please visit www.jalc.org

KATHA POLLITT

Desperate Housewives of the Ivy League?

September 20's prime target for press critics, social scientists and feminists was the *New York Times* front-page story "Many Women at Elite Colleges Set Career Path to Motherhood," by Louise Story (Yale '03). Through interviews and a questionnaire e-mailed to freshmen and senior women residents of two Yale colleges (dorms), Story claims to have found that 60 percent of these brainy and energetic young women plan to park their expensive diplomas in the basement and become stay-home mothers. Over at *Slate*, Jack Shafer slapped the *Times* for using weasel words ("many," "seems") to make a trend out of anecdotes and vague impressions: In fact, Story presents no evidence that more Ivy League undergrads today are planning to retire at 30 to the playground than ten, twenty or thirty years ago. Simultaneously, an armada of bloggers shredded her questionnaire as biased (hint: If you begin with "When you have children," you've already skewed your results) and denounced her interpretation of the answers as hype. What she actually found, as the writer Robin Herman noted in a crisp letter to the *Times*, was that 70 percent of those who answered planned to keep working full or part time through motherhood. Even by Judith Miller standards, the Story story was pretty flimsy. So great was the outcry that the author had to defend her methods in a follow-up on the *Times* website three days later.

With all that excellent insta-critiquing, I feared I'd lumber into print too late to add a new pebble to the sling. But I did find one place where the article is still Topic No. 1: Yale. "I sense that she had a story to tell, and she only wanted to tell it one way," Mary Miller, master of Saybrook, one of Story's targeted colleges, told me. Miller said Story met with whole suites of students and weeded out the women who didn't fit her thesis. Even among the ones she focused on, "I haven't found that the students' views are as hard and fast as Story portrayed them." (In a phone call Story defended her research methods, which she said her critics misunderstood, and referred me to her explanation on the web.) One supposed future homemaker of America posted an anonymous dissection of Story's piece at www.mediabistro.com. Another told me in an e-mail that while the article quoted her accurately, it "definitely did not turn out the way I thought it would after numerous conversations with Louise." That young person may be sadder but wiser—she declined to let me interview her or use her name—but history professor Cynthia Russett, quoted as saying that women are "turning realistic," is happy to go public with her outrage. Says Russett, "I may have used the word, but it was in the context of a harsh or forced realism that I deplored. She made it sound like this was a trend of which I approved. In fact, the first I heard of it was from Story, and I'm not convinced it exists." In two days of interviewing professors, grad students and undergrads, I didn't find one person who felt Story fairly represented women at Yale. Instead, I learned of women who had thrown



Story's questionnaire away in disgust, heard a lot of complaints about Yale's lack of affordable child-care and read numerous scathing unpublished letters to the *Times*, including a particularly erudite one from a group of sociology graduate students. Physics professor Megan Urry had perhaps the best riposte: She polled her class of 120, using "clickers" (electronic polling devices used as a teaching tool). Of forty-five female students, how many said they planned "to be stay-at-home primary parent"? Two. Twenty-six, or 58 percent, said they planned to "work full time, share home responsibilities with partner"—and good luck to them, because 33 percent of the men said they wanted stay-home wives.

The most interesting question about Story's article is why the *Times* published it—and on page one yet. After all, as Shafer pointed out, it had run an identical story, "Many Young Women Now Say They'd Pick Family Over Career," on the front page December 28, 1980. (He even turned up one of its star subjects, Princeton alum Mary Anne Citrino, who says she was completely misrepresented by the *Times*: She never wanted to stay home and never did.) I'm particularly grateful to Shafer for digging up that old clip, because somehow I had formed the erroneous impression that the *Times* used to be less sexist than it is now—the week Story made the front page also saw an article uncritically reporting a drug-company study that claimed female executives are added by menopause, and a Styles piece about the menace to society posed by mothers pushing luxury strollers on Manhattan sidewalks. All that was missing was one of those columns in which John Tierney explains that women, bless their hearts, lack the competitive drive to win at Scrabble.

Story's article is essentially an update on Lisa Belkin's 2003 *Times Magazine* cover story about her Princeton classmates, whose marginalization at work after having children was glowingly portrayed as an "opt-out revolution" and which claimed that women "don't run the world" because "they don't want to." What's painful about the way the *Times* frames work-family issues is partly its obsessive focus on the most privileged as bellwethers of American womanhood—you'd never know that most mothers who work need the money. But what's also depressing is the way the *Times* lumps together women who want to take a bit of time off or work reasonable hours—the hours that everybody worked not so long ago—with women who give up their careers for good. Cutting back to spend time with one's child shouldn't be equated with lack of commitment to one's profession. You would not know, either, that choices about how to combine work and motherhood are fluid and provisional and not made in a vacuum. The lack of good child-care and paid parental leave, horrendous work hours, inflexible career ladders, the still-conventional domestic expectations of far too many men and the industrial-size helpings of maternal guilt ladled out by the media are all part of it.

Wouldn't you like to read a front-page story about that? ■

ARTICLES

RUNNING⁰_N FUMES

by SASHA ABRAMSKY

More than 100 miles north of Sacramento, the flat farmlands of California's Central Valley give way to the forested mountains and breathtaking grasslands surrounding the 14,000-foot Mount Shasta. It is a remote landscape—more akin to Wyoming's Big Sky Country than to the rest of California—dominated by the glacier-covered Shasta and the menacing clouds that frequently cluster around its peak; and, when the tourists and the second-homers from the Bay Area and elsewhere in the region are factored out, it is a poor landscape. It is also a place where distance is an irreducible fact of daily life. Because so many residents rely on cars to get between the far-flung towns, they are particularly vulnerable to oil price fluctuations, and many are at risk of economic catastrophe as gas prices at the pump soar.

The towns strung along Interstate 5 and at points east and west of the highway, hamlets like Dunsmuir, Weed, Fort Jones, Callahan and Yreka, ooze character. Yreka—one of the few towns in the region not to have witnessed a population decline since 1990—still calls itself “the Golden City,” a throwback to its glory days in the mid-nineteenth century, and still boasts Wild West saloons and elegant Victorian edifices along its central drags, Main and Miner streets. Similarly, the little railway town of Dunsmuir continues to pride itself on its charming, somehow anachronistic, eccentricity—in the window of a downtown law office is a plaster-cast skeleton reclining in a dentist's chair, an aviator's leather cap and goggles adorning its skull.

But all the character in the world can't hide the fact that these are low-income communities—poor cousins to the tourist town of Mount Shasta itself, where “log cabins” sell for \$1 million.

Close to 10 percent of Siskiyou County's workforce is unemployed. For those with jobs, money is tight: According to Bureau of Economic Analysis data, the county's per capita personal income is \$23,807, only 76 percent of the national average, placing it forty-third of fifty-eight California counties. Leave out the government jobs in the county seat of Yreka, and the numbers are even worse: The unincorporated town of McCloud, for example, has a per capita income of slightly less than \$16,000.

Following the implosion of much of the timber industry, job options aren't exactly legion here, and what employment there is is concentrated in a handful of towns: There's a Wal-Mart on the southern edge of town at Yreka; the county has three bottling plants that package glacial waters from Shasta; there are shopping malls in Redding, to the south; and there are the hotels and restaurants that cater to tourists. “We don't have very much work in the community right now,” says Mike Stacher, general manager of the McCloud Community Services District. “We have \$8-an-hour jobs here, which is unlivable as far as I'm concerned.” Not surprisingly, since 1990 a large percentage of Siskiyou County's working-age population has decamped to other locales.

While much ink has been spilled over the potential problems suburban and exurban commuters would face if the era of cheap oil really sputtered to a close, the most immediate victims are likely to be the long-distance commuters in places like Siskiyou County, too remote even to be considered exurbs. A perfect storm of economic changes could, quite simply, render towns like McCloud and Yreka unlivable for working-class residents, administering a *coup de grâce* to a region already bedeviled by blue-collar job loss. In the same way that the end of ready pickings from the gold fields created depopulated mining ghost towns throughout much of the West, so the series of oil price spikes may profoundly alter the Western landscape, as well as many other remote, car-dependent regions of the country.

With only a rudimentary public transport infrastructure, centered on a handful of rush-hour bus routes to and from Yreka, and with many workers now having to commute to far-off service-sector workplaces a long way from the nation's major oil-distribution networks, these towns are being hammered by some of the highest gas prices in the nation. When I drove up I-5 on September 12, before Hurricane Rita but two weeks after Katrina made an already bad gasoline price situation worse, the lowest price I found along this stretch of highway for a gallon of regular unleaded was \$3.17, with another 20 cents added for the higher-octane stuff used by many bigger cars and SUVs. The highest, in Castle Crags, was a dizzying \$3.44.

THE PERFECT GIFT FOR *almost* ANY FAMILY JUST



Thanks
for the Nation.
Don't send
any more!
Uncle Dick

"I'm spending \$40 to \$50 a week on gas," says 41-year-old Rosie Kerr, a resident of Grenada who works as a secretary at the Northern California Indian Development Council on Yreka's Main Street and drives a 1992 blue Ford Explorer with 164,000 miles on it. Before taxes, Kerr, a mother of four whose husband is currently unemployed, earns about \$21,000 a year. After taxes, she estimates, that works out to \$1,200 per month. Tearfully, as she sits at her Formica desk, the shelves behind her filled with family photos alongside a large brown teddy bear, she explains that the higher gas prices have forced her to borrow from her mother just to be able to continue working. "My mother helps me. That's the only way I've been making it back and forth for the past few months. I owe my mom thousands of dollars for gas. It doesn't feel very good. It literally makes me feel like a heel. Because I can't pay her back. And she's been helping me with food too, because I don't have enough income for that either."

Twenty miles east of the pleasant Interstate stop of Dunsmuir, 37-year-old McCloud resident Christine Gannon lives in her mountainside house. She estimates that she and her husband are now spending \$300 a month on gas for their vehicles and another few hundred on oil for the generators that supply their electricity. Christine recently moved from a job at a hardware store that paid \$7.25 an hour to an AmeriCorps position with the McCloud Community Resource Center that pays only marginally more. Her husband, a truck driver for a fuel-delivery company, has an income that fluctuates monthly. The family has health insurance, but it comes with a steep \$4,000 annual deductible. They have student loans to pay off, car payments to make, two growing boys to feed. Add in the extra few thousand dollars a year they are now spending on gas, and something's got to give.

"We've had to cut back on entertainment. We've had to cut back on filling the house with groceries and having plenty of snackables," explains Christine. "No vacations. We've had to postpone putting money away to buy a home. It makes me feel like having a decent home and decent life without having to stress constantly and worry—it seems like it's just never going to happen, and dreams and hope and plans, they just don't work out."

In the months leading up to Katrina and Rita, as oil prices rose steadily, pundits kept saying that, in real terms, prices were still lower than their all-time highs in the early 1980s. Not until the \$3 gallon was reached would that record really be broken. Moreover, many argued, at least until Katrina shattered the complacency, a vibrant economy was poised to absorb, with minimal suffering, the additional oil costs.

Yet in some remote California communities, prices had spiked well beyond the \$3 mark as early as April of this year, and had been heading north for several years—in 2003, as local prices neared the \$2.50 mark, residents of Yreka organized letter-writing campaigns and protests against high pump prices in

In some remote California communities, gas prices had spiked well beyond the symbolic \$3 gallon mark as early as April of this year.

front of the county courthouse, the largest, most symbolically powerful building in town. When I drove to Death Valley this spring along the arid eastern edge of the Sierra Nevada mountains, towns like Bishop and areas around Mono Lake were already at the \$3 level, with local prices driven up by a combination of California's more stringent environmental standards for refined gasoline, pipeline problems in the Southwest, higher gas taxes than in most states and the sheer distances fuel-delivery trucks have to cover in the California wilderness, as well as global oil market factors. By midsummer, according to information generated by the Oil Price Information Service, as well as private websites monitoring county gas prices, a host of other desert and mountain communities had joined the \$3 club. And while many parts of the country were seeing \$3 gallons in the wake of Katrina, California's remotest regions, beset by long-

term high gas prices for reasons having nothing to do with hurricanes in the Gulf of Mexico, will likely be burdened by high gas prices even if the rest of the country, after

the hurricane season ends, returns to short-term "normalcy" and complacency about oil prices. That makes them, says Amy Detrick, a secretary in the county administration office, a harbinger of what's in store for the rest of the country as the world's supply of gasoline gets ever tighter and as price spikes triggered by local supply disruptions in an overstretched market become all too common.

Detrick has started taking the bus to work from the tiny village of Etna. Her daughter, however, doesn't have that option. She works at a Subway restaurant in Yreka, a job that nets her about \$300 per week. Getting off work at 9:30 PM, she misses all the buses home and has no choice but to drive the more than thirty miles each way to and from work. Even in her new Honda Civic, bought with help from her parents, that's not far shy of \$10 a day in gasoline costs.

"What are you going to do? Not work?" asks Mike Stacher, of McCloud Community Services. "Maybe it'll get to a point where not working is an option." Indeed, earlier this summer, as gasoline prices began hitting record highs, Rosie Kerr's two brothers did both quit their jobs in McCloud. They could no longer afford to drive their pickup trucks the fifty-plus miles each way from their homes in Hornbrook, a small community several miles north of Yreka. It was actually more financially sensible to become unemployed and to join the legion of casual workers picking up local bit work whenever possible. If more residents start making similar decisions, the region's blue-collar backbone could be broken.

That urban and suburban communities—with their affluent professional classes, increasing numbers of status-enhancing (and expensive) hybrid cars and at least partial accessibility to public transit systems—can absorb higher energy prices is not hard to believe. That residents of low-income areas like Siskiyou County could afford to eat the extra \$5, \$10, then \$15, \$20, \$30 and \$40 a week they had to spend on gas this year simply to drive to low-paying jobs in towns like Yreka and Redding, and that they can continue to do so indefinitely, is harder to believe.

Sasha Abramsky is a senior fellow for democracy at Demos, a New York City think tank. His book *Conned, on voting rights in America*, will be published by the New Press in March.

Indeed, the very fact that some commentators, such as the Cato Institute's Jerry Taylor, so glibly assume (or, at least, assumed pre-Katrina) that an oil price shock can be painlessly absorbed shows just how invisible the country's poor have become to much of its pundit class.

These are people who are continually juggling rent and food and medical bills, who tap their resources days before the start of a new pay cycle and routinely resort to credit card debt and other borrowing to weather the lean times. How, then, can the volatile oil market not be hurting them? People like Rosie Kerr who are already spending a disproportionate amount of their income on gas face a burden far in excess of that experienced by middle-class consumers, who spend only 3 to 5 percent of their money on fuel. Moreover, in regions like Siskiyou County, where everything has to be delivered over long distances, as gas prices soar so, too, does the cost of other goods.

"Where I used to deliver free all of my printing jobs, I can no longer do so," explains 59-year-old Lyle Sauget, a Yreka print shop owner. "If it's local, I charge \$1. If it's Mount Shasta or Weed, it's \$5 to \$7. Fuel is affecting everything. Food. Clothing. Everything's gone up. When they [locals] are already on a tight budget, it makes it pretty difficult. It takes an already depressed area and takes it down. As a business person, at a certain point you say, 'I'd rather go work for someone out of the area than be a business owner.'"

Sauget, a tough-looking Republican whose storefront is be-decked with an enormous Bush/Cheney poster and whose display case boasts certificates of appreciation from the local branch of the Army Recruiting Command, is hardly the type you'd expect to hear denouncing oil companies. But ever increasing gas prices have him looking for answers. "I'd urge Congress to put a ceiling on these extreme profits," he states, his face red with anger, his hand in a fist. "Price caps. They've got us by the short hairs, and if we don't turn this around we're never going to get out of this. I support basic Republican ideas, but I've always been of the opinion that you must control the corporations. If the corporations control you, you're in big trouble."

In a place where small houses rent for as little as \$300 to \$500 per month, some people, says Castle Crags Chevron station manager Nick Demarco, are likely spending more on gas these days than on rent. An average fill-up, not too long ago, would have been \$20 to \$40. Now, Demarco calculates, "it's \$50 to \$80. That's considerable change. People are still buying the same amount of gas, and buying less of other stuff to make up for it."

Kerr now changes her own oil and tries, as best she can from reading a few car maintenance books, to give her Explorer its tuneups. "I can't afford to go downtown to have someone else do it for me," she explains. "I've thought about selling some of my stuff. I have some antique radios from my grandmother. I've been putting that off for a year now. I can't fill my tank. I haven't been able to fill my tank in a year or two. I do \$20 here, \$20 there. I do without food to get gas, pretty much regularly. There's never any breakfast. Nobody eats breakfast

in my house. My mom feeds me lunch after she gets off work. Maybe two times a week we go without dinner. Eat nothing. My boss was nice enough to let me cash in some vacation time last month, so I had enough to buy some groceries."

In a nutshell, Kerr's experience shows up the fallacy of the laissez-faire notion that free-floating prices alone are a fair way to regulate consumption of a scarce commodity like gasoline. While higher prices might stop some tourists from driving up to Castle Crags and might curtail the discretionary gas use of the middle classes, as long as people live in regions like Siskiyou County and commute to far-away jobs in places that are hard, if not impossible, to reach by public transportation, these people are going to need gas. And as long as they need gas simply to continue working, they are going to do whatever it takes—short-

changing themselves on food and medicine, charging the gas on credit cards, deferring car repairs or upgrades to better, more fuel-efficient vehicles—to keep their tanks

full. After all, entire communities and lifestyles and job choices and consumption patterns have been crafted over the better part of a century on the basis of cheap and plentiful gasoline. Suddenly change the equation without offering any government relief and, even though gas remains cheaper per gallon than in much of the rest of the world, the relative difference will prove disastrous.

Instead of demand for gas immediately responding inversely to rising prices, in places like Yreka demand will likely remain stubbornly resilient until the point of economic collapse, when it will become unfeasible to borrow any more to pay for gas and residents will simply have to up their stakes and leave. Paradoxically, it is even conceivable that the higher prices might, at least in the short term, lead to more rather than less demand for gasoline in places like Yreka.

In economics there is a mythical beast known as a Giffen Good. A Giffen Good is a basic commodity that absorbs a large proportion of a poor population's income. As its price goes up, more and more income is absorbed, leaving less for anything else. Because it is a staple, as other staples are forgone what little money is left over gets spent on the higher-priced good that's causing the financial chaos in the first place. Nobody's quite sure if such a creature exists. The Victorian-era British economist Sir Robert Giffen, after whom it is named, argued that potatoes during the Irish potato famine fit this bill for the starving Irish. Since potatoes already made up the bulk of their diet and consumed most of their income, as prices rose due to the potato shortages, what little discretionary money they had for meat and other food disappeared. No longer left with enough for even morsels of meat, the peasants desperately threw their remaining pennies back at the potato vendors for a few more spuds, thus driving prices of the scarce commodity up still further. More recently, two economists at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government, Nolan Miller and Robert Jensen, have made similar claims about rice consumed by peasants in southern China.

Obviously, at some point, soaring potato prices would have

'I can't fill my tank,' says Grenada resident Rosie Kerr. 'Maybe two times a week we go without dinner. Eat nothing.'

curtailed absolute demand simply because nobody would have had enough money to buy any, and the "normal" laws of the market would have been restored. Giffen's point, however, was that prices would have to rise beyond all reasonable levels before that critical peak was reached and demand for a scarce commodity began slacking off.

Extending the argument to gasoline, it is at least possible that, as gas eats up a higher percentage of poverty-line rural workers' incomes, drivers will scrimp on things such as their quarterly oil change, their 30,000-mile tuneups, as well as minor repairs to their vehicles. They will likely also defer the purchase of new cars. People will, in other words, probably drive older, less well-maintained cars, one side effect of which will be decreased gas efficiency and the need for even more gas to get them to and from work than they were consuming earlier in the price cycle. Kerr's old Explorer gets only twelve to fifteen miles per gallon; her husband's 1974 truck gets even worse mileage. In a rational world, both would be able to buy more fuel-efficient vehicles. In the Siskiyou County of 2005, however, neither can scrape together enough to make the upgrade.

If oil prices continue their relentless march upward, Lyle Sauget fears that "Yreka will eventually collapse. You can only pass so much on to people who are already overburdened."

With the decline of the local timber industry over the past decade or so, the age distribution of Siskiyou County's roughly 44,000 residents has dramatically shifted. Young adults of child-rearing age, along with children, have been replaced by retirees, many of them coming in for the landscape from urban sprawls to the south. Fifteen years ago the county had close to 7,000 residents in the 30-39 age bracket. Today, it has only 3,500. Conversely, the number of residents in the 50-59 age bracket has risen from about 4,300 to almost 7,500. Add unaffordable gasoline, and Siskiyou County might one day find itself bereft of most of its working-age population, its demographics increasingly defined by the process of geriatric gentrification.

It is a preventable scenario. But prevention involves the sort of innovation the Bush Administration, besotted as it is with laissez-faire triumphalism (not to mention oil-industry campaign cash), has been reluctant to embrace. "You could," says Judi Greenwald, director of innovative solutions at the Pew Center on Global Climate Change, "draw an analogy with the Low Income Heating and Energy Assistance Program [LIHEAP], a federal program where grants are given out through the Department of Health and Human Services to the states. They use the money for helping poor people pay their heating or energy bills, and to do upgrades—you can get assistance for insulating your house, filling in cracks. At least theoretically, one could have a federal program that gives out grants to states to help people pay gas bills and possibly buy more fuel-efficient vehicles."

Absent such practical interventions and broader changes in federal energy policy, Yreka—the Golden City—may one day be a new sort of ghost town, its homes housing affluent outsider-retirees, its hotels and bars catering to drive-through tourists and serving up kitschy reminders of the glory days when oil was cheap and blue-collar people could afford to live in Siskiyou County.

"Philip Seymour Hoffman's unmissable and unforgettable performance as Truman Capote should make him the front-runner for every Best Actor prize in the book."

—Peter Travers, ROLLING STONE



Philip Seymour Hoffman

capote

UNITED ARTISTS • SONY PICTURES CLASSICS • A LINE PICTURES • COOPER'S TOWN PRODUCTIONS • INFINITY MEDIA
 PHILIP SEYMOUR HOFFMAN "CAPOTE" CATHERINE KEENER CLIFTON COLLINS JR. BRUCE GREENWOOD BOB DALABAN
 MARK PELLEGRINO CHRIS COOPER AVY KAUFMAN MYCHAEL DANNIA KASIA WALICKA MAINONE
 CHRISTOPHER TELLESEN A.C.E. JESS GONCHOR ADAM KIRKEL PHILIP SEYMOUR HOFFMAN
 DAN FUTTERMAN DANNY ROSETT KERRY ROCK WILLIAM VINCE MICHAEL OCHOVEN CAROLINE BARDON
 BASED ON THE BOOK BY GERALD CLARKE SCREENPLAY BY DAN FUTTERMAN DIRECTED BY BENNETT MILLER

RATED R www.sonyclassics.com SONY PICTURES CLASSICS

OPENS SEPTEMBER 30TH IN NY AND LA!
 COMING SOON TO A THEATRE NEAR YOU!
 VIEW THE TRAILER AT WWW.CAPOTEFILM.COM

IN EUROPE STATE SUPPORT OF CHRISTIANITY HAS ALIENATED MUSLIMS FROM SOCIETY.

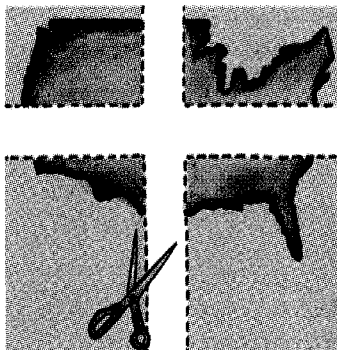
Can It Happen Here?

RICHARD ALBA AND NANCY FONER

As political and religious leaders in this country challenge the longstanding separation between church and state, Americans need only look to Europe, with its anxieties about homegrown Muslim terrorists, for a wake-up call. The European experience teaches that there is no way for government to favor religion in general; it will favor specific expressions of religion, invariably Christian, and thereby push others aside. In the contemporary, globalized world, where the United States and Western Europe provide new homes to millions of immigrants from all over the world, breaching the wall between religions and government runs great risks.

Yet that appears to be the direction in which we are heading. This past June the Supreme Court ruled that the display of a biblical text, the Ten Commandments, on a government monument is not inherently unconstitutional. President Bush recently suggested that the theory of intelligent design should be taught in the nation's public schools on an equal basis with the theory of evolution, thereby supporting the demands of some of his most conservative Christian supporters. FEMA has just announced that taxpayer money will reimburse religious organizations for their aid to hurricane victims; the Bush Administration has enabled them to receive other direct government funding, which amounted to \$2 billion in fiscal year 2004. In the background lurk a host of other specters, such as school vouchers, supported by Bush and the Republican Party, to provide state financial support for religious schools; and the vulnerability of *Roe v. Wade*, which many conservative Christians hope will be overturned by a reconstituted Supreme Court.

In Europe we can see the dangers of the interpenetration of church and state. As secular as Europeans are, their societies have deeply institutionalized religious identities, which are the result of historic settlements after centuries of religious conflict. In France, where *laïcité*, the exclusion of religion from the affairs of state, is the official ideology, the state in fact owns and maintains most Christian churches and allows them to be used for regular religious services. The same law that establishes state possession of religious edifices also prevents the state from building new ones, thus keeping the country's 4-5 million Muslims from enjoying the same privileges as Christians. Most French mosques are, as a consequence, ad hoc structures, not very different from storefront churches. Adding to the religious divide is that half the country's ten or so state-designated national



KAREN CALDICOTT

holidays are Catholic in origin; no Muslim holiday has equivalent recognition.

In Britain and France the state provides financial support for religious schools as long as they teach the national secular curriculum. Inevitably, these arrangements, while seemingly fair to all religions, favor the most established ones. In Britain (where, incidentally, senior Anglican bishops sit in the House of Lords by right as part of the Anglican "establishment") the government funds nearly 7,000 Church of England and Catholic schools but only five Islamic schools in a nation of 1.6 million Muslims. In the Netherlands the majority of children go to state-supported religious schools, nearly all Protestant and Catholic, while the country's estimated 1 million Muslims have only about thirty-five of their own publicly funded primary schools.

The institutionalization of Christianity in Europe has played a role in the growth of Islamic fundamentalism, for it adds substantially to the barriers confronting second-generation Muslims trying to make their place in European societies. Young people born and raised in the West are not satisfied with the humble positions of their immigrant parents. Yet at the same time, because of the burdens of lower-class origins and racial, ethnic and religious discrimination, the children of Muslim immigrants generally do not have the same opportunities for educational and professional achievement as do those from the European majorities. This situation leads many to resort to Islam as a way of claiming dignity. But Islam cannot solve their dilemma. On the one hand, they confront secular Europeans who are suspicious of claims based on religious beliefs and, on the other, societal institutions and national identities anchored in Christianity that do not make room for Islam.

In the aftermath of the London bombings, we heard that the aggrieved sense of exclusion felt by many Muslims who have grown up in Europe created a huge pool of potential recruits for fundamentalist movements. Certainly, what the homegrown London bombers did requires a deep sense of exclusion: To attack one's own society implies that one cannot imagine oneself as a full-fledged member of it. This sense of exclusion is not simply a matter of poverty or ethnic origin; the interlacing of state and Christianity plays a critical role too.

There was a time when the United States might have headed in the same direction. A century ago Protestant versions of Christianity were more or less "established," in that they dominated the public square, crowding out Catholicism and Judaism, both associated with immigrant populations. But because the state did not officially support or sponsor Protestantism, the newer religions were able over time to achieve parity. This rise in their status helped the descendants of immigrants to enter the main-

Richard Alba is Distinguished Professor of Sociology and Public Policy at the University at Albany, State University of New York. Nancy Foner is Distinguished Professor of Sociology at Hunter College and the Graduate Center, City University of New York.

Stauer | AUTODATE

3-Year Warranty

www.stauer.com

Dual Movement,
27-Jeweled Automatic
and Electronic Quartz

Not A Timepiece... A Time Machine

Our engineers just built a fascinating watch that takes you on a trip through history. Let's take that voyage and check in on four great inventions of time-keeping.

- It's 1870 and railroad engineer Stanford Fleming "invents" our current time zones. Before this the U.S. had 72 time zones!

- It's 1922 and Leon Leroy invents the automatic movement in the wrist watch and ends the need for manual winding. He forgets to patent it and the glory goes elsewhere.

- We jump ahead to 1939 and a moveable bezel is developed so that pilots can measure elapsed time.

- And in 1970, the ultra reliable

quartz watch is first put into production. Precision is improved by leaps and bounds.

Today, it's 2005, and Stauer has engineered 100 years of innovations into one watch, the AutoDate. This rugged dual movement watch has both an automatic movement with 27 jewels and a quartz movement that can be set to another time zone. The bezel rotates to calculate elapsed time and the tachymeter is calibrated to measure speed in miles per hour. The rugged stainless steel watch is inspired by a case built for fighter pilots and fits onto the most comfortable steel band that we have found in our travels. The band actually feels soft on the wrist. The antique ivory dial displays day, month, date and the hands are luminous so you can see the time in low light situations.

Stauer put 3 years of design work and \$26 million worth of Swiss built precision machinery into the making of the AutoDate. It carries a 3-year warranty on both movements and the versatile watch carries a very intelligent price. If for any reason you are not fully satisfied with the precision and fine craftsmanship, please return it within 30 days for a full refund of the purchase price.

Not Available in Stores

Call now to take advantage of this limited offer.

Stauer AutoDate \$149.⁸⁵ +S&H
or 3 payments of \$49.⁹⁵

800-859-1465

Promotional Code ADT103-01

Please mention this when you call.

Stauer, 14101 Southcross Drive W.,
Dept. ADT103-01, Burnsville, Minnesota 55337

For fastest service, call toll-free 24 hours a day **800-859-1465**

Visit us online at www.Stauer.com for the complete line of Stauer Watches, Jewelry and Collectibles

stream and feel themselves to be fully American. We are now in a new era of immigration, which has brought to this country many adherents of religions outside the Judeo-Christian sphere—Hindus, Muslims and Buddhists among them. If the state now privileges Christian expressions of morality and belief above others, then the successful inclusion of these immigrants and their children will be in peril.

When states do not officially support religions, the only recognition they can offer is symbolic, which is easily extended to

all religions. After September 11 George Bush reached out to Muslims, and this was understood as a unifying gesture. But if the United States were to go the way of Europe, such statements would be seen as rhetorical half-measures, undermined by durable inequities. The lessons of Europe's difficulties in integrating its Muslim population are clear. The US legacy of church-state separation has contributed mightily to our success in converting the children of immigrants into patriotic Americans. This is hardly the moment to abandon it. ■

BIG PHARMA IS HEAVILY ADVERTISING DRUGS—AND THE DISEASES THAT GO WITH THEM.

A Disease for Every Pill

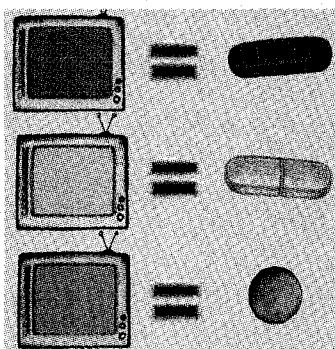
RAY MOYNIHAN AND ALAN CASSELS

An anonymous woman tries to disentangle a shopping cart from an interlocked row of them, outside a suburban store. She is frustrated and angry. She becomes even more exasperated when another shopper enters the frame, calmly unhooks a cart and glides smoothly on her way. Watching this TV advertisement unfold, it might look like the woman is experiencing little more than a normal bout of tension or stress. But the folks at the drug company Lilly know better. This woman may need a powerful antidepressant because she is suffering from a severe form of mental illness known as PMDD. "Think it's PMS? It could be PMDD," intones the voiceover.

Columbia University Professor Jean Endicott tells us premenstrual dysphoric disorder (PMDD) is a psychiatric condition suffered by up to 7 percent of women. Paula Caplan of Brown University claims that the condition has essentially been invented and that there is no strong scientific evidence to distinguish it from normal premenstrual difficulties. Even worse, argues Caplan, using a medical label to explain away the severe distress some women experience in the lead-up to their period runs the risk of masking the underlying causes of their suffering.

In the United States, the Food and Drug Administration has accepted that the condition PMDD exists and has approved Lilly's Prozac and several similar antidepressants for its treatment, yet in other parts of the world it is not even a recognized disease. It is not listed as a separate disorder in the World Health Organization's International Classification of Diseases. And even in the United States, despite the hard work of Endicott, Lilly and other pharmaceutical companies, PMDD still has only a partial listing in the psychiatrists' manual of diseases, the DSM, and is therefore not seen as a fully official category of illness.

Yet this scientific controversy is invisible in the avalanche



of television and magazine advertisements about PMDD in the United States—much of it targeting young women. The \$500 billion pharmaceutical industry has identified another new mega-market—women of childbearing age—and the world of marketing demands simple, clear messages. The emotional ups and downs preceding your period are no longer a part of normal life—they are now a telltale sign you could have a psychiatric condition. As Caplan puts it, by watching these ads “women are learning to consider themselves mentally ill.”

A friendly and hardworking academic, Endicott operates from a small office buried in the basement of a psychiatric hospital in New York City. In stark contrast to Caplan, she insists PMDD is a genuine disorder that can be “very disabling” and is often not properly diagnosed or treated. She welcomes drug company efforts to have the condition taken more seriously. It was Endicott who led the key scientific meeting—funded by Lilly and attended by company representatives—that paved the way for two of the most important developments in the life of this young disorder: FDA acceptance of the condition and approval of Lilly's antidepressant as the first drug to treat it. As to the appropriateness of drug companies advertising disorders like this on television, Endicott is a strong believer. “I think it educates people,” she says.

The pharmaceutical industry in the United States now spends more than \$3 billion a year on direct-to-consumer advertising, promoting its most lucrative brands. Increasingly, however, these commercials are not just selling drugs but also the diseases that go with them. The shopping-cart ad for PMDD is part of a new form of TV advertising designed to introduce millions of people to previously unheard-of conditions. While the advertising claims made about the benefits and risks of medicines are regulated by law—albeit very loosely—claims about diseases remain a virtual free-for-all.

The story behind the “discovery” of PMDD illustrates how an unknown, unofficial and, for some, unreal condition can be pushed from the back pages of the psychiatrist's manual into

Ray Moynihan is visiting editor of and contributor to the British Medical Journal. Alan Cassels is a pharmaceutical policy researcher at the University of Victoria, British Columbia. This article is adapted from their book Selling Sickness (Nation Books).

Listen to TV at your own level without disturbing others.

"TV Ears saved our marriage!"

—Darlene and Jack B., CA

TV Ears™ has high customer satisfaction!

To prove it, we are offering a special

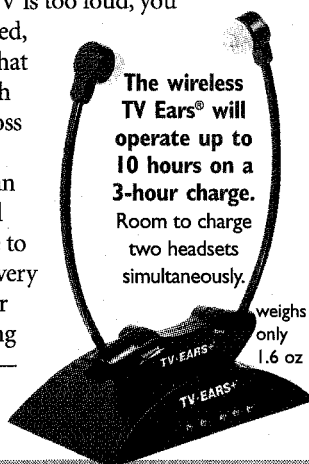
\$20 savings and FREE shipping

TV Ears® has helped thousands of people hear television clearly without turning up the volume.

More than 28 million Americans have some degree of hearing loss. If you struggle to hear TV, or family members complain the TV is too loud, you need TV Ears®! Doctor recommended, TV Ears® is a powerful new device that has helped thousands of people with mild, moderate, or severe hearing loss hear the television clearly without turning up the volume. Now you can listen to television at your own level while others may adjust the volume to fit theirs. TV Ears® helps you hear every word clearly. Imagine watching your favorite programs, and actually being able to hear every word and sound—it will change your life! If you are dealing with the frustration and arguments that come with turning up your TV volume too loud...read on.

From George Dennis, president and founder of TV Ears, Inc.

"The inspiration for TV Ears® was based on the well-known statistic that nearly 80% of people with hearing loss go undiagnosed and untreated for a variety of reasons which may include vanity or cost of treatment. TV Ears® has proven to be an appealing product to the average person and an excellent introduction to those seeking improved hearing health."



The wireless TV Ears® will operate up to 10 hours on a 3-hour charge. Room to charge two headsets simultaneously.

weighs only 1.6 oz

Hear every word with today's technology!

- **Television Audio Processing. (TAP)** The transmitter processes the audio from your TV or other audio devices and amplifies regular dialogue, hard to hear voices, and whispers.
- **Automatic Volume Control. (AVC)** Selectively compresses loud bursts of volume that are annoying when watching a program, channel surfing, or during commercials.
- **Infrared technology.** TV Ears' infrared technology provides safe, superior sound quality without interference and frequency drifting. Transmits up to 900 sq. ft.
- **Left-Right balance control.** Allows you to adjust the volume for rich, high-quality sound in both ears.
- **Individual controls.** Multiple headsets can be adjusted to the user's personal needs.
- **Long-lasting charge.** You can quickly charge two headsets at the same time, and TV-Ears will function up to 10 hours on a 3-hour charge. Charger included.

TV Ears® is powerful (120 db), and features voice enhancement technology to make hard to hear words easier to understand and background sounds are kept in the background. The cheaper, commercial headsets are limited in output and amplify all sound at the same level.

"Now my husband can have the volume as loud as he needs... and I can have the TV on 'Mute' or at my hearing level. 'TV Ears' are so uncumbersome that Jack forgets he has them on! We take them to the movie theater and he can once again hear and understand the dialogue. We have given 'TV Ears' as a gift to dear friends. They are absolutely the finest product." Sincerely

—Darlene and Jack B., CA

Try them yourself! If you aren't totally amazed...send them back! We're so sure you'll be absolutely astonished with the increase in sound and clarity when using the TV Ears®, that we're backing them with firstSTREET's exclusive in-home 90-day trial. If you aren't completely satisfied, simply return them for the product purchase price.

TV Ears® Item# 3P-3874 Regular price of \$169.95, ***Now only...3 credit card payments of... \$49.95 ea**

Special FREE shipping - a \$17.95 Value
Free shipping within Continental U.S. Only.

Ask about our special price on additional headsets
Please mention promotional code 30541.

For fastest service, call toll-free 24 hours a day

866-254-4708

Special offer available on phone orders only.
To order by mail, please call for details.

firstSTREET
SEE IT HERE FIRST
formerly TechnoScout®

1998 Ruffin Mill Road
Colonial Heights, VA 23834

glossy magazines and onto TV screens. In the late 1990s Lilly's antidepressant Prozac—whose chemical name is fluoxetine—was about to lose its patent, and the manufacturer stood to lose hundreds of millions of dollars because of the emergence of cheaper generic competitors. Winning approval of the drug for a new disease might re-energize sales of this blockbuster chemical.

In late 1998 Lilly helped fund a small meeting, impressively titled a "Roundtable" of researchers, which discussed PMDD. The meeting of just sixteen key experts took place in Washington, and it was attended by a group of FDA staff and at least four Lilly representatives. The chair was Columbia University's Endicott, who had by then been pushing for the acceptance of this disorder for more than a decade. This time, though, Endicott had a giant pharmaceutical company on her side.

The meeting reached two important conclusions, both highly favorable to Lilly: There was now an alleged consensus that the disorder existed, and most people present thought there was sufficient evidence to support the use of antidepressants like Prozac to treat it.

By Christmas of 1999 a meeting of advisers to the FDA had voted unanimously to approve Lilly's fluoxetine for the treatment of PMDD. Soon after, the FDA formally gave Lilly the green light to market its drug for PMDD, and Lilly organized a launch to do just that. But in an extraordinary turn of events, the pill did not debut under the name Prozac. After doing some market research with doctors and potential patients, Lilly decided to repaint Prozac in attractive lavender and pink and rename it Sarafem.

For specialists in pharmaceutical marketing like Vince Parry, the story of PMDD and Sarafem is a great example of a company "fostering the creation of a condition and aligning it with a product." He worked for Lilly on the campaign, which he describes as helping to "build awareness for both the condition and the drug." To kick it off, he says, the company sponsored a "pre-launch initiative" to raise awareness of the condition. "By changing the brand name from Prozac to Sarafem—packaged in a lavender-colored pill and promoted with images of sunflowers and smart women—Lilly created a brand that better aligned with the personality of the condition for a hand-in-glove fit." Lilly's market research investigated how best to brand both the drug and the condition to come up with language women felt most comfortable with.

Lilly's shopping-cart commercial duly followed and provoked a complaint from the FDA alleging that the ad was "lacking in fair balance" because it minimized information about the drug's side effects. In the end, the FDA simply asked Lilly to withdraw the offending ad. This is typical. Despite repeated violations across the industry, and tens of millions of Americans being regularly exposed to misleading information about the risks and benefits of widely prescribed drugs, companies are rarely fined and executives are not held accountable.

Another theme has recently emerged in pharmaceutical industry advertising. Researchers are finding more and more ads helping to sell the idea that everyday human experiences are

symptoms of medical conditions requiring treatment with drugs. Together with colleagues, two doctors from Dartmouth Medical School, Steven Woloshin and Lisa Schwartz, recently analyzed some seventy drug company ads in ten popular magazines. They found that almost half tried to encourage consumers to consider medical causes for their common experiences, most often urging them to consult a physician. The ads targeted aspects of ordinary life including sneezing, hair loss and being overweight—things many people could clearly manage without seeing a doctor—and portrayed them as though they were part of a medical condition. The researchers speculated that advertising was increasingly medicalizing ordinary experience, and pushing the boundaries of medical influence far too wide.

Watching these trends closely is Canadian researcher Barbara Mintzes, who included in her PhD thesis at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver a rigorous examination of drug company advertising. She also discovered that many ads now

promote medical conditions, rather than just drugs, and are helping to medicalize life, as she puts it. "To an unprecedented degree they portray the educational message of a

Many ads now promote medical conditions rather than just drugs, and are helping to 'medicalize life.'

pill for every ill—and increasingly an ill for every pill. It's a shift from a drug that's approved to treat people who are actually suffering from an illness to the idea that you just take a pill to deal with normal life situations."

Mintzes is particularly outraged by the promotion of PMDD, which has been aggressively advertised in magazines read by teenagers, as well as in TV commercials. In her view it seems designed to make younger women feel there is something wrong with the normal emotional fluctuations they experience in the lead-up to their monthly period. While accepting that for some people the problem can be severe, Mintzes worries that the ads paint a shallow picture of what it means to be a young woman. "There is pressure on people to be someone other than who they are."

With all treatments there is a balance between benefits and harms. For someone who is very sick, the chances of a great improvement may easily outweigh the risks of side effects from a drug. The antidepressants like Prozac that are being prescribed for PMDD carry many side effects, including serious sexual difficulties, and for teenagers an apparent increase in the risk of suicidal behavior. Such risks might be worth taking for someone severely debilitated by chronic clinical depression, but for a woman arguing with a boyfriend or frustrated by a shopping cart?

"When you're giving drugs to healthy people you're shifting the balance," says Mintzes. "If you're already healthy, the likelihood of benefit becomes much, much smaller, and then there's a concern that what we are actually doing at a population level is causing much more harm than benefit through drug treatment."

Professor Endicott bluntly rejects the concern that PMDD is an example of ordinary life being medicalized. "It's an insult to suggest that women with less severe symptoms would even be seeking treatment. Women are not running around saying, Give me a pill for everything."

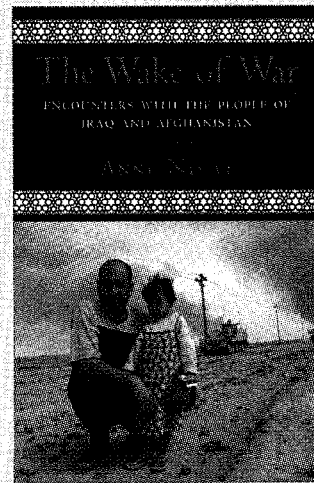
Finding hard scientific evidence to help settle this difference of opinion is difficult. Mintzes's research has added to a body of studies suggesting that these ads do drive many people into doctors' offices, and that some doctors will prescribe the advertised drugs even when they may doubt their appropriateness for the problem at hand. But there have been few, if any, large studies that rigorously investigated whether direct-to-consumer advertising causes unnecessary medical labeling or leads to inappropriate or harmful prescription of drugs. What is crystal clear, however, is that the ads boost drug sales.

Industry executives argue that the most powerful case for direct-to-consumer advertising is evidence of underdiagnosis and undertreatment among people with serious health problems, including high cholesterol, high blood pressure, depression and, presumably, PMDD. In a special issue of the *British Medical Journal* devoted to the topic of medicalization titled "Too Much Medicine?" two senior officials from the drug company Merck wrote that the rules governing drug advertising should be loosened in Europe to help fix the urgent problem of undertreatment. They claimed there was little good evidence to support the view of Mintzes and others that advertising leads to inappropriate prescribing or harm: "Unfounded fears" about advertising, they wrote, were restricting people's rights "to have all the information they need to make informed choices about their health."

One of the weaknesses in this argument is the failure to acknowledge the controversy and uncertainty surrounding the definitions of the common conditions said to be massively underdiagnosed. If estimates of the numbers of people suffering from these conditions and requiring treatment are inflated to start with, as some observers consider to be the case with high cholesterol and depression, for example, then claims of widespread undertreatment deserve to be taken with extra-large doses of scrutiny and skepticism. With PMDD, claims of underdiagnosis and undertreatment make little sense if the condition itself doesn't even exist.

There is little doubt that many people in genuine need are not getting the medical attention or medication they require, particularly among the poor of wealthy nations and the wider developing world. Whether spending billions advertising disorders like PMDD on television and in women's magazines is the best way to correct that problem is highly questionable. Undertreatment may often have more to do with lack of money or access than lack of information. And as to the claim that advertising is the best way to inform, educate and encourage more choice, the deputy editor at the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Dr. Drummond Rennie, disagrees. "Direct-to-consumer advertising," he says, "has got nothing to do with the public's education and it has got absolutely everything to do with...boosting product sales."

Postscript. In Europe Lilly's marketing of Sarafem/Prozac came to an abrupt stop. In mid-2003 a panel from the European Agency for the Evaluation of Medicinal Products noted that "PMDD is not a well-established disease entity across Europe.... There was considerable concern that women with less severe premenstrual symptoms might erroneously receive a diagnosis of PMDD resulting in widespread inappropriate short- and long-term use of fluoxetine." ■



\$25.95 Hardcover

"A riveting and essential book."

—RASHID KHALIDI,
author of *Resurrecting Empire*

A detailed and nuanced portrait of the lives of individual Iraqis and Afghans in the wake of war

In the spring of 2003, acclaimed journalist Anne Nivat set off from Tajikistan on a six-month journey through the aftermath of the American invasion and occupation of Afghanistan and Iraq. She spoke to engineers and teachers, ex-military men and rising leaders, an actor and a former Taliban member; she stayed with Kurdish and Shi'a and Turkoman families; and all along the way, she recorded their stories. *The Wake of War* is an example of the power and importance of going behind the headline to glimpse what is happening in the lives of ordinary people.

Beacon Press
www.beacon.org

if we want to understand
have to be part of
this is participation

EPISODE 8: Justice For Whom?
Oct 23 - 9 am & Oct 24 - 3pm (et & pt)
How Supreme Court changes impact you

EPISODE 9: Proxy War
Oct 31 - 3pm (et & pt)
Bunny Greenhouse on military contractors

SourceCode
reboot the system

Line in to SourceCode, a
weekly 1/2 hour of content
from the reality-based universe
on Free Speech TV

Free Speech TV on DISH NETWORK 9415
sourcecode.freespeech.org

Letter From Iran

by Negar Azimi

SPECIAL DELIVERY

AIR MAIL

FIRST CLASS

GETTING TO KNOW AHMADINEJAD

Naziabad, Tehran

The scene this late August evening is not unlike thousands of others playing out in homes, meeting halls and mosques across the country. Extended family, friends and neighbors have gathered in this working-class corner of South Tehran to commemorate the birthday of Javad, the ninth imam, or spiritual leader, of the Shiites. Arrangements have been made by Ali, a veteran of the Iran-Iraq War, a bear of a man marked by his girth, superior singing voice and remarkable good humor. Ali lost both his legs in the war and now negotiates his way through life with a wheelchair and a well-equipped 1976 Cadillac Coupe de Ville. Most of those assembled this evening are also veterans, or simply former members of the paramilitary Basij force, their families in tow.

I sit with the women, crammed into half of one family's front room partitioned by an enormous sheet, immersed in their chatter, eating over-sweet pastries and drinking lemon *sharbat* as children chuck chocolates over our heads. In the adjoining men's space, a local cleric speaks of Javad, who at the tender age of 8 took on the role of leader for the millions living as adherents to Islam's underdog branch, Shiism. Amid exhortations and invocations, the name of Iran's new president passes the cleric's lips more than once. Much like Javad, he says, this new president is young and unknown, marked by a simple life and an uncompromising commitment to the poor and downtrodden. Like Javad, he continues, he will lead us down the right path in these uncertain times. Ali's wife leans over to me and says about the new president, "He is one of us."

On September 24 the board of the International Atomic Energy Agency voted to refer Iran to the Security Council over its nuclear program, one of the boldest steps it has taken over the course of two and a half years of ritual accusations, denials and staged crises on either side. While the exact timing of such a referral was left open and serial holdouts Russia and China abstained (along with ten other countries, many of them from the Non-Aligned Group, on the thirty-five-member board), it was clear that regime-change advocates, with the United States in the forefront, were upping the pressure on Iran—whom they routinely accuse of having nuclear weapons ambitions.

Only days before, on September 13, Mahmoud Ahmadinejad had made his debut visit to New York City and the United Nations as Iran's president. Almost meek and extraordinarily humble, he cut a curious figure in that monumental setting in his simple tan jacket and slacks. On the 17th the new president addressed the General Assembly, speaking of the need for

increased Third World representation in international bodies, decried First World double standards and even cited a few lines of Persian poet Saadi on the nature of humanity and justice. When it came to his country's contested nuclear program, he insisted that Iran has the right to pursue peaceful nuclear energy activities, calling attempts to deprive it of that right a sort of "apartheid." Though his insistence on Iran's nuclear rights hardly represents a departure from the stance of his predecessor, the photogenic reformist Mohammad Khatami, his use of the UN platform made for a stark contrast with Khatami's own; seven years ago, after his election, this was the venue the reformist chose for the launch of his now famous, though defunct, "dialogue among civilizations."

Reaction to Ahmadinejad's rhetoric was swift. The State Department branded his words "aggressive," Foreign Secretary Jack Straw of Britain called Ahmadinejad's speech "disappointing and unhelpful," while the *Washington Post* deemed his speech a "sermon" marked by "anti-American vitriol" and "angry finger-pointing." Almost immediately, both President Bush and Secretary of State Rice warned of Iran's imminent referral to the Security Council.

And so it begins. While the new president's earnest ideological style may be rough, even at times undiplomatic, is he the fire-breathing conservative that much of the media makes of him?

Ahmadinejad's victory on June 24 took most everyone by surprise—Iranians and foreign observers alike. Among the eight candidates in the running, Ahmadinejad, a blacksmith's son who had risen through the ranks to become mayor of Tehran, seduced just enough of the voting public with his rants against corruption, his humility and, perhaps most important, his promises of social and economic justice to overwhelm his closest rival, Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, a conservative reborn as a centrist who served as president from 1989 to 1997. Though there were allegations of fraud (in Ahmadinejad's favor) in the first round of voting, the second-round-winning margin of 7 million provides a telling picture of voter tastes and, more to the point, Iranians' distaste for the former president: The wealthy Rafsanjani is widely perceived as serving the interests of the privileged few.

But why the unknown Ahmadinejad, and why now? While the hardliner's victory was a symbolic blow to the aspirations of the reform movement and its vision of a modern, even secular, democracy, for many Iranians a vote for the modest mayor was simply a vote for change. In his down-home manner, he responded to voters' desires for a larger chunk of the economic pie as well as their frustration with the reformists for failing to connect to their most fundamental needs; lofty talk of human

Negar Azimi, a graduate student at Harvard, is an editor of the New York-based arts and culture magazine *Bidoun* (www.bidoun.com).

Unequal (Part 2) (Part 1 of Unequal was published in *The Nation*, October 10, 2005.)

by Melissa Farley

This article responds to Debbie Nathan (*The Nation*, August 29, 2005), who sympathizes with those on the left who consider prostitution a form of labor rather than violence against women. Nathan criticizes abolitionist feminists who think that women in prostitution deserve more in life than a condom and a cup of coffee. We feminists think that women deserve the right NOT to prostitute. That's what almost all women in prostitution tell us they want: to get out. We also think that HIV prevention funds should not be used to promote legalized prostitution.

Whether they know it or not, government and nongovernmental funders have supported efforts to legalize or decriminalize the sex industry. Deals are made with pimps. For example, the California Prostitutes' Education Project (Cal-PEP) received state and federal grants for AIDS prevention among prostitutes. Its founder promoted decriminalization of prostitution while Cal-PEP was directed by her former pimp, a felon convicted for interstate prostitution (can we call it domestic trafficking?). Even when that fact was made public, Cal-PEP continued to receive federal HIV prevention funds.

The Durbar Mahila Samanwaya Committee (DMSC) receives millions of dollars a year for AIDS prevention from Bill Gates. This group of mostly women pimps promotes legal prostitution while controlling a multibrothel prostitution/trafficking complex that houses 60,000 women and girls in Kolkata. Pimping other women is one way to get out of prostitution. Yet the DMSC is under the control of the same gangs that Friedman wrote about in 1996.

Over the years, Debbie Nathan has hung out with the sexual-violence-denying faction of the left—apologists for pornographers, pedophiles, incest perpetrators who claim their kids have false memories, and nice johns who only use prostitutes indoors. Protest-ing too-stringent prosecution of child pornographers and pedophiles along with her nudist lawyer friend Lawrence Stanley (publisher of *Uncommon Desires*, “the voice of the politically conscious girl-love underground” who in 2002 was arrested and charged with violating Brazil's child exploitation laws), Nathan rails against those of us who state unequivocally that children are profoundly damaged by sexual relations with adults. Nathan questions—no, not the *existence*, just the *scientific prevalence*—of sexual violence against women and children in this man's world.

According to Nathan, rejecting pedophilia and ritual abuse (highly organized groups of pedophiles who make a religion out of sexually torturing children; yes, they do exist) is “sex abuse panic.” Public outcry against having sex with kids and taking pictures of that is “kiddy porn panic.” Opposing trafficking is “sex-slave panic.” Nathan uses our empathy against us. If we're uncomfortable at witnessing sexual violence, at renting or buying people for sex, we are sneered at, said to be in a “panic.” It's an effective strategy that colludes with peoples' fear of confronting the cruelty of sexual violence. Most people are relieved to avoid the pain of knowing about this suffering. Violence against women and children is left hidden in plain sight.

In another article, claiming that Lourdes Portillo's accounts of the murders of hundreds of women on the Juarez-El Paso border are exaggerated, Debbie Nathan worried that her analysis might sound “like the nasty arithmetic of Holocaust deniers.” She has a point. Nathan questions the accuracy of numbers as a way of denying the roots of the problem. She notes that accounts of the actual numbers of victims in trafficking vary. Trafficking victims are under extreme duress; they hide because they're terrified of pimps, johns, families, police, and governments, all of whom might once again betray them. Accurate counts are difficult, but are revised when new information makes that possible.

Nathan even suggests that some women consent to being trafficked: “I've never met a Thai woman smuggled in for sex work who didn't know that's what she'd be coming here to do.” That's pimp-speak. As in “Hey girl, this is a dog-eat-dog world and you got gold between your legs. You already been fucked, so why not get paid for it?” Is Nathan saying that if a woman knows she will be prostituted, she deserves whatever she gets? Is she suggesting that we stand by and

watch as women and kids “consent” to give up their human rights?

Apparently. To Nathan, it's not sex trafficking, it's “migration for sex work.” She dismisses the overwhelming damage from sucking ten strangers' dicks a day, from getting raped weekly, and from getting brutally battered if you don't do whatever pimps or johns want. Nathan considers “imprisonment in a sweatshop” just as severe as trafficking for prostitution. Sweatshops are vicious but they don't involve invasion of all your body's orifices on a daily basis for years into the future—or having to smile and say you like it when some foul-smelling man your grandfather's age comes on your face. Ironically, in her dogmatic refusal to notice sexual abuse anywhere, Nathan also fails to mention that women and girls imprisoned in gender-stratified sweatshops are often sexually exploited as well.

Nathan would taint feminists with guilt by association. If someone on the right opposes any form of abuse that feminists oppose, we are “in bed with them.” Object to child pornography? Oops, so does the Christian right, gotcha. Favor strong laws against prostitution and trafficking? So does George Bush, gotcha. This adolescent logic trumps feminists' careful analysis rooted in decades of evidence obtained about actual harms.

Prostitution, trafficking, and pornography are booming Internet businesses. Pornographers are indistinguishable from pimps. Maybe the one is taking a picture of prostitution, the other is creating a fantasy, or is it the other way around—pornography is a real picture but prostitution is a fantasy performance. Or is pornography actually prostitution with a camera? Or maybe it's the way one john explained, “I know porn stars. They enjoy sex on film more than other prostitutes.” Gosh, it's confusing. Pornographers, johns, and pimps are given aid and comfort by the likes of Nathan.

Pornographers don't like laws against prostitution and they don't like policies that require antitrafficking organizations to sign statements that prostitution should not be considered a job option for someone who's been trafficked. In 2005, pornographer Phil Harvey sued the United States for its antiprostitution policy. Pornographers and pimps are in bed together, tucked in by First Amendment nannies.

We need a law that protects victims while targeting domestic and international predators. Pimps and sex traffickers are not the only sex predators: Johns are predators too.

Wherever prostitution thrives, so does sex trafficking. If you were a pimp, where would you market your “product”? Someplace like Sweden, where there's a law against buying or selling people for sex? Or would you pimp women in countries that lay out a legal welcome mat: the Netherlands, Germany, Australia and wherever prostitution is legally tolerated? Sweden has a genuinely progressive prostitution law in which buyers and sellers of women are criminalized but prostituted people are not. Trafficking has plummeted in Sweden since the law was passed.

Will we permit a pimp's, trafficker's, or a john's money to camouflage the sexual harassment, rape, and battering in prostitution? Former Swedish Minister of Gender Equality Margareta Winberg asked: “Shall we accept the fact that certain women and children, primarily girls, often those who are most economically and ethnically marginalized, are treated as a lower class, whose purpose is to serve men sexually?” The answer is no.

© Melissa Farley, September 13, 2005. All Rights Reserved.

This article was paid for by special donation to the Coalition Against Trafficking in Women (CATW) www.catwinternational.org, a nonprofit organization having category II consultative status with the UN Economic & Social Council. Donations can be made online through the CATW website, or by mail to CATW, PO Box 9338, N. Amherst, MA 01059.

Melissa Farley is at Prostitution Research & Education, a nonprofit organization. www.prostitutionresearch.com, Box 16254, San Francisco CA 94116

rights and democracy, while melodious to Western ears, often sounded irrelevant, unrealistic at best. With Ahmadinejad's victory, Iran's Supreme Leader Ayatollah Ali Khamenei is surely beaming—assured of a consolidation of power in conservative hands across elected and unelected institutions.

"People's minds have been corrupted," says Amir, a law student at the University of Tehran and a member of the Basij militia who sits across from me in a downtown café. The mobilization of Basijis like Amir played a critical role in Ahmadinejad's victory. While the middle-class Amir is not representative of the country's 4–6 million Basijis, he is perhaps emblematic of a faction that voted for Ahmadinejad on ideological grounds. For Amir, reformist thinkers like Mohsen Kadivar, Mostafa Malekian and Abdolkarim Soroush, who seek reconciliation between Islam and what is vaguely referred to as liberal thought, are held captive by Western notions of advancement. He explains to me, "We seek something that is neither East nor West. We have been fighting for our intellectual independence since the time of the revolution. And now we are winning."

From the beginning, Ahmadinejad showed every sign of being the outsider. While his opponents, even the most conservative ones, spoke in conciliatory tones of the West and were marked by slick, even hipster, campaigns, Ahmadinejad took a no-frills approach, emphasizing independence and what he termed Islamic values. His campaign film, a tribute to melodramatic *cinéma vérité*, mocked the excesses of contemporary political life. Ahmadinejad, the film tells us, takes ordinary public transport and even as mayor continues to live in his family home in South Tehran (*cut to shot of modest family home*). "Mr. Ahmadinejad, do you have a summer home?" one interviewer asks in the film. Both the candidate and the interviewer giggle at the question (*muffled laughter*); the joke is on the ruling elite.

In keeping with this theme, one of Ahmadinejad's first acts as president was to forbid the display of his portrait in public. His modesty aside, the new president's bold blend of populism and nationalism represents a departure from the immediate past. Riding a wave of high oil prices, his economic plans aim to narrow the gap between haves and have-nots—providing interest-free loans for young couples, slashing interest rates and promoting subsidies for consumer goods. During his presidency at least one oil company, with links to both the Rafsanjani family and American oil conglomerate Halliburton, has been charged with corruption and banned from operating.

All the same, the new president's first weeks have been marked by hardline gestures that suggest he may roll back some of the changes brought about by his reformist predecessor, Khatami. Though Khatami often had his hands tied by the country's hardline unelected institutions, there is no denying that he ushered in an unprecedented period of social and political freedom. Enter Ahmadinejad. Three days after his inauguration, Iran sparked a crisis by resuming uranium enrichment at a plant in Isfahan despite the ardent pleas of the IAEA; while the gesture did not come as a big surprise, its timing was uncanny. At

the same time, government security forces carried out a round of crackdowns on activists in Iranian Kurdistan, and a prominent human rights lawyer representing jailed dissident journalist Akbar Ganji was arrested on July 30.

Iranians have a history of supporting wholesale change when dissatisfied with their rulers. They did with the Constitutional Revolution of 1905–11, the Islamic Revolution of 1979 and again, less dramatically, with the elections that brought Khatami to power in 1997. Ahmadinejad, it seems, has worked that tendency to his advantage. His proposed Cabinet, revealed in mid-August, was so new, in fact, that journalists in Tehran were caught scrambling to figure out who these people were and where they had come from.

Conservative across the board, Ahmadinejad's Cabinet is cut from his own revolutionary generation. His appointment for the post of Interior Minister, Mostafa Pourmohammadi, served as deputy intelligence minister during a series of killings of political dissidents that was linked to that

Conservative across the board, Ahmadinejad's Cabinet is cut from his own revolutionary generation.

ministry in the late 1990s, while the new Intelligence Minister, Gholam Hossein Mohseni Ejehei, acted as the judiciary's representative to the ministry at that time. Ahmadinejad's foreign affairs team, led by Minister of Foreign Affairs Manouchehr Mottaki and Secretary of the Supreme National Security Council Ali Larijani, is marked by a strident techno-nationalism when it comes to Iran's nuclear program. The new Minister of Islamic Culture and Guidance, Mohammad Hossein Saffar-Harandi, served as the ultraconservative editor of the state *Kayhan* newspaper. A hardline culture minister will likely translate to more newspaper closures as well as a rigorous monitoring of cultural production at large. Heightened restrictions on bloggers have already taken effect.

In the days following the Cabinet appointments, I asked members of *Shargh*, one of the country's last reformist papers, how they saw the future. "It's difficult not to be discouraged. We see self-censorship already," journalist Badrossadat Mofidi told me. Mofidi has worked for ten newspapers in twelve years, most of which have been shut down only to be later reborn. Like many journalists working for reformist papers, she feels that their mercurial life spans may be reaching their end. "If we're shut down today, we won't get licensed again."

If nothing else, Ahmadinejad's victory signaled the fact that the reformists had lost their esteemed place in the popular imagination. Their talk of human rights and civil society had done precious little to alleviate unemployment (officially 11 percent but certainly higher) or double-digit inflation. To some people's horror, social codes had loosened up and a creeping "Westoxification" had set in. This was Ahmadinejad's moment.

Mostafa Moin, the primary candidate of the reformists in the elections, reluctantly acknowledges their failures. "One-quarter of this country lives below the poverty line. That's who we could have been speaking to," he told me after his defeat. He is regrouping with a new multiparty movement and a plan to

engage in more “grassroots” work. Another failed reformist candidate, Mehdi Karroubi, has also unveiled plans for a new party as well as a satellite channel that would be its mouthpiece.

Emadeddin Baghi is especially critical of the reformists. A dissident writer who spent three years in prison for his investigative work on the dissident killings, today he runs the Society for the Defense of the Rights of Prisoners. “Our intellectuals have always worked behind closed doors. We need a discourse that is not so far from the people,” he noted as clients lined up to speak to him about relatives in detention. “The democracy so dear to the reformists is not bread and water for the people. The conservatives will give you bread. But they’ll take away your freedom.”

During the last week of August I traveled to the mountainside community of Rezvanshahr, sixty miles from the former resort town of Rasht. There I met Ali Abdoli, a self-fashioned ethnologist who studies the Talesh, a minority people in the north. Though he has no university education, he is one of the most well-read people I have ever met, and his commitment to his obscure cause is a compelling one.

In 1997 and 2001 Abdoli was head of the Khatami campaign in his home province of Gilan. He walked through the villages of the mountainous province, where unemployment approaches 30 percent and illiteracy is widespread, urging people to vote for the soft-speaking cleric. “He let us breathe again,” he said.

Nonetheless, this year, when asked to run the Ahmadinejad campaign in Gilan, he agreed. Something had changed. “Khatami did not know our needs,” Abdoli said. “Money is in the pockets

of the elite, and here I have five people in my family, all without work. He disappointed us.”

Later in the day, his 24-year-old daughter told us that a friend of hers had been picked up in the neighboring town of Bandar Anzali for sitting in the park with a young man. Rumors of heightened moral supervision abound, particularly in small towns like this one. Abdoli reluctantly added, “But economic justice may come at a price for our young people.”

Whatever comes of the new president, most Iranians—from every class—spurn the notion that their country needs an outsider’s heavy hand to bring about change, a refrain trumpeted by fans of “regime change” in Washington, Los Angeles and beyond. “If he’s a problem, he’s our problem,” one women’s rights activist told me the day after the election results came in.

Observers have historically underestimated Iranians’ contrarianism, their profound sense of the sting of imperialisms past and present (*ma doshman-e hich kasi nistim*—a rebuke to servitude) and their remarkable ability to start anew. The president’s recent UN address was a rhetorically packed testament to Iranian resolve. In the end, the best thing anyone—state or individual—supporting reform in Iran can do is to let Iranians play out this chapter on their own terms. In this neighborhood, history has taught us that the hand of the outsider is the one that impedes.

“We’ll manage. We’ve been through worse,” notes Baghi. “We are like tightrope walkers. Perhaps you can say that the rope just got thinner.” ■

Mexico Cruise!

November 12-19, 2005

Victor Navasky and The Nation invite
you to join our

EIGHTH ANNUAL SEMINAR CRUISE.



VICTOR NAVASKY



DEBORAH MEIER



CALVIN TRILLIN



DAVID COLE



KATRINA VANDEN HEUVEL



PATRICIA WILLIAMS



JON WINTERS



ROBERT SOLER



ALEXANDRA HUNTINGTON



AMY WIENER



JON WIENER



ROBERT SOLER

The Nation

MEXICO CRUISE



Call Toll Free (800) 702-1634
or visit our website
WWW.NATIONCRUISE.COM
for The Nation Cruise Information Kit or
email to contact@nccruise.com

EXCHANGE

CONTINUED

(Continued From Page 2)

terest in obtaining our input as a way to gain perspective on alternative programs, like CEP, operating in the district.

In 2002 an analysis showed that the district-run alternative programs were spending nearly \$30,000 per student in schools that were categorized as persistently dangerous, with high truancy and dropout rates. We had to do better. When we partnered with CEP, we developed effective alternative education programs that cut costs in half and served more students more effectively.

We know Fuentes is just plain wrong about the data on these students. A student's enrollment in an alternative setting does not negate that child being counted in district data. To the contrary, placing students in alternative settings insures that they will receive targeted instruction, take all tests and be counted in all data as required by federal law.

Our test scores, in fact, have risen for the fourth straight year, the number of persistently dangerous schools has declined and more schools are making adequate yearly progress. CEP has contributed to that dynamic, and because of its success as our first provider we have now expanded to eleven sites served by a variety of providers.

The story also tries to dismiss the results of an independent study of the CEP program conducted by Temple University for the Pennsylvania Department of Education. The fact is, CEP had no role whatsoever in providing data, as the article claims. Rather, the data were provided by the district. To suggest otherwise is wrong.

Politics is irrelevant to this issue. When a child in need turns to us for help, he or she doesn't ask our party affiliation. Our job is to do all we can to help these children be successful in the classroom and in life.

PAUL VALLAS
School District of Philadelphia

TED KIRSCH
Philadelphia Federation of Teachers

Los Angeles

■ I taught for twenty-eight years in the Los Angeles Unified School District. Community Education Partners is the latest scam to rip off a piece of the \$500 billion-plus spent every year on public education. Despite its avowed mission to educate the hardest-to-teach students, which public schools are glad to jettison, CEP's real goal is self-enrichment. As a result of its political savvy, it's been able to impose exorbitant per-student charges and evade the accountability spotlight. In the process, it's proving that privatization of education is an easy way of lining one's pockets without delivering on one's promise.

WALT GARDNER

FUENTES REPLIES

Kerhonkson, NY

■ Randle Richardson's fulminating comes as no surprise. In the last month of my report-

ing, when I began asking him to respond to comments from critics, Richardson became increasingly frantic. He e-mailed me numerous and redundant documents and overnights a succession of packages of lengthy letters he wrote reiterating what he'd already said in our two-hour phone interview. One packet contained rebuttals to *Houston Press* articles and a strange collection of statements by both critics and supporters, some meant to pre-empt questions I had not asked. One was a letter he'd apparently requested from the Texas Education Agency stating that it was *not* investigating CEP. And there was a collection of e-mails and letters meant to discredit a former Atlanta CEP teacher I'd interviewed. His final letter to me bordered on intimidation.

Richardson doesn't mention CEP's debacle in Atlanta or the fact that his schools fail to meet Adequate Yearly Progress, which Richardson told me is now part of CEP's contractual agreements. Here's another fact he didn't note: Both Orlando CEP schools were rated F, failing, by the state education department last year. What was CEP's response? It chose to go to an ungraded status. How's that for accountability?

Gayle Fallon has been shilling for CEP and Richardson since 2000. Her photo and effusive endorsement appear on the CEP website. CEP flew her to Broward County, Florida, to convince its school district to contract with the company, according to the *Press*. The *Press* also reported that Fallon attacked former Houston school assessment expert Tom Kellow after he'd posted a critical assessment of CEP's first Houston school to an evaluation professional's listserv. Fallon e-mailed Kellow's colleagues assaulting his credibility. Rather strange business for the head of a teachers union. Her letter this time, attacking Carl Shaw, referred to by one former Houston school board member I know as "the guru" of Texas educational testing, seems likewise an involvement in issues that are none of her business. But pit-bull Fallon is eager to fight CEP's battles.

The *Press* reported that Fallon denied "rumors that she is a consultant for CEP or is on its payroll" and that she claimed to support CEP in part because her godson attended a CEP school: "She credits CEP with making him a more respectful and polite young man. He still, she sighs, does not want to do his homework. (CEP would be no help in this area, since there is no homework at CEP; students are not allowed to take books home.)" Despite Fallon's impassioned defense of CEP's Houston schools, the *Press* reported on February 17 that "right now one of the most effective tools HISD [Houston Independent School District] has for keeping kids in line is threatening them with a stay at CEP. And kids will tell you, administrators are using that." Sounds positively inspiring.

Fallon and Philadelphia teachers union head Ted Kirsch embrace CEP because they support zero-tolerance and high-suspension

policies, placating members who wanted those low-achieving, disruptive students booted into CEP, which has agreed to let its staff unionize. In Atlanta it's another story. Atlanta's teachers union head, Verdallia Turner, told me CEP teachers had contacted her, complaining about mandatory overtime and chaotic classrooms and asking to join the union. "The principal said I could come in and talk to them about unionizing," Turner said, "but the company then said no."

Fallon and her ally Richardson are piqued that I didn't talk to her or to pro-CEP sources they know to get a balanced view. Well, I visited the CEP Miller school in Philadelphia at its ribbon-cutting last December and met Milton Alexander, its principal; then-CEP vice president Barbara Braman (who told me "What CEP has created is what the rich have created for their kids—beautiful schools, uniforms and lots of individual attention"); Philly schools CEO Paul Vallas (who bragged about his "tough love" disciplinary code); the district's alternative programs head Gwen Morris; and, of course, the students. And what an unhappy group they were, standing like props in the freezing cold without coats, referred to as "the worst kids" by Republican hack John Perzel. When I tried to talk to the kids, I was hustled away by Morris. The Miller school may be new and shiny but the computer-centric "teaching" that goes on inside is not what the rich give their kids.

Bill Evans, whom I interviewed by phone, now says his report was really "about the transitioning process." But it is called a CEP "Program Evaluation Report" and used data from the Philadelphia school district and CEP. In fact, he expressed his "frustration" that it was taking so long to get the statistics he needed from Richardson's shop: "CEP has some things now being reviewed in their corporate offices in Nashville, some of the data they pulled together. I guess they need to have it reviewed by their corporate offices."

Independent? Appendix A consists of CEP data on attendance, achievement and state standardized test scores—the same data CEP sent to me. The report states: "CEP staff participated in the evaluation, particularly in terms of assisting with data collection and analysis at the individual student level relative to program components and gains they made on reading tests." Evans says his report wasn't meant to survey any more than the small group of former CEP students—the survey response rate was actually 57 out of 175 CEP students, for a measly 33 percent response rate. So how valid is such a report when CEP has been in Philadelphia for six years, affecting more than 4,000 kids? Evans also told me that part of the student survey was conducted in person at school, with CEP and district staff present. He was sure students spoke freely. It seems a truly independent and meaningful evaluation of CEP has yet to be done. And if Richardson has his way, it never will be.

ANNETTE FUENTES

BOOKS & THE ARTS



GETTY IMAGES

Crime and Punishment

MARK M. ANDERSON

Are the former Allied nations willing to acknowledge German suffering and loss during World War II? Are they willing to question the morality of the means by which they won the war, even the firebombing that laid waste to 131 German cities and towns, and killed more than half a million people

(most of them women, children and the elderly)? Or was the extremity of Nazi aggression so great, the urgency to defeat Hitler so compelling, that the Allies have effectively been shielded from the kind of moral scrutiny that has been focused on the use of atomic weapons against Japan? However one might answer those questions today, for much of the postwar period the occupying nations on both sides of the Berlin wall felt little reason to justify their actions. Germans grumbled mightily among

themselves, but any public airing of their grievances was subject to severe constraints and cold war manipulation. And when the German children born during or shortly after the war came of age in the heady years of the late 1960s, they demanded that Germany view the war through the lens of non-German victims, not that of its own losses. German victimhood became politically incorrect.

But the dead return; unacknowledged suffering claims its due. That seems to be the lesson of the German war memories that have washed over the new Berlin Republic in the past few years. Diaries, memoirs,

Mark M. Anderson is a professor of German at Columbia University.

historical novels, academic studies, documentaries and even feature-length films have piled up at a formidable clip, testifying to a long pent-up need for expression. Interestingly, most of these reflections do not come from conservatives or spokesmen of the far right but from former New Leftists who reshaped the politics of German memory in the late 1960s and early '70s and adamantly opposed the attempts of Ernst Nolte and other historians in the mid-'80s to compare Hitler's crimes to Stalin's purges and other instances of mass slaughter. The same people who insisted on the "singularity" of Nazi atrocities and rejected the very notion of historical comparison (for fear of relativizing the Holocaust and diminishing German responsibility) now speak of the "unparalleled" destruction of German cities and openly question the morality of the Anglo-American Bomber Command.

This reversal in the politics of German memory has alarmed many observers, who worry that Germany's current fascination with its own victimhood signals a desire to let the specificity of Nazi crimes fade into a historical continuum of other war crimes. In fact, the recent interest in German suffering represents an extension of Holocaust memory, not its demise. What has changed is the willingness of the '68 generation to consider the full scope of wartime suffering—even that of their own parents and older relatives. Precisely because German recognition of the Holocaust is no longer in doubt, a new generation of Germans has come to understand the war in less ideological, less Manichean terms. Individual suffering, not a simple tallying of perpetrators and victims, is beginning to emerge in striking historical detail and complexity.

Which is not to say that this process of maturation has come easily or without contradictions. Consider the case of W.G. Sebald, whose 1999 book *The Air War and Literature* (misleadingly titled in English *On the Natural History of Destruction*) set off much of the current German debate. Born in 1944 in a rural mountain region untouched by the war, Sebald came to an anguished awareness of his country's past during his student years in Freiburg and, later, in England, where he first met German-Jewish refugees. As with so many of his peers, the political awakening was also personal: His father, who had made his career as an officer in the Wehrmacht, never spoke about the war, participating in what the son angrily called a "conspiracy of silence, in every German household." Sebald ultimately went into a self-imposed exile from the Federal Republic, devoting

his academic work to "minority" writers at the margin of high German culture (Jews, but also Austrians and Swiss) and focusing much of his literary work on the Jewish victims of German aggression.

In *On the Natural History of Destruction*, however, Sebald turned to the Allies' firebombing of German cities—and to the Bosch-like scenes of carnage, pain and trauma it inflicted on a largely civilian population. Why is it, he asked, that the horrendous experiences of millions of Germans left so little trace in postwar Ger-

BOOKS DISCUSSED IN THIS ESSAY

A WOMAN IN BERLIN: Eight Weeks in the Conquered City.

By Anonymous.
Metropolitan. 261 pp. \$23.

DER BRAND: Deutschland im Bombenkrieg, 1940–1945. (THE FIRE: Germany in the Air War, 1940–45.)

By Jörg Friedrich.
Propyläen. 592 pp. 25 euros.

PAYBACK.

By Gert Ledig.
Granta. 200 pp. \$12.95.

THE STALIN FRONT.

By Gert Ledig.
New York Review. 198 pp. \$14.

THE END: Hamburg 1943.

By Hans Erich Nossack.
Chicago. 87 pp. \$20.

A STRANGER TO MYSELF.

By Willy Peter Reese.
Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 208 pp. \$23.

ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF DESTRUCTION.

By W.G. Sebald.
Random House. 207 pp. \$23.95.

IN MY BROTHER'S SHADOW.

By Uwe Timm.
Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 150 pp. \$18.

man literature (and, by extension, in the population at large)? At once accusatory and empathetic, his response is a study in the contradictory attitudes his generation developed toward their pro-Hitler mothers and fathers. On the one hand he denounces the Germans for repressing the memory of their own suffering, while on the other he insists on the traumatized victims' "invulnerable right" to remain silent. And in a paradoxical (and somewhat questionable) attempt to remedy the gap, he devotes pages of his essay to a graphic representation of the firebombing in all its horror—a descent into literalism that is notably absent from his literary evocation of Jewish suffering.

Shortly after the heated public debate over Sebald's argument subsided, a historian named Jörg Friedrich published a 600-page study titled *The Fire: Germany in the Air War, 1940–1945*, which vividly and emotionally described the air war from a German perspective. Like a man with a movie camera, Friedrich takes his readers into the burning cellars and rivers, into the collapsing buildings and howling firestorms—into what he calls the "*Leideform*," or specific "form of suffering," experienced by the German population on the ground. His subsequent edited volume of photographs gives a condensed and almost unbearably explicit version of *The Fire*: devastated urban landscapes as far as the eye can see; neatly stacked piles of charred, rigid bodies; an incinerated, grotesquely shrunken corpse sitting in a bucket.

Intentionally or not, these photographs uncannily reprise the now familiar images of Holocaust death, and like those images they serve as both documentation and denunciation of their subject matter, in this case the Anglo-American decision to target the highly flammable medieval city centers and their largely civilian populations, not just the railways, oil refineries or munitions factories located on the periphery. What is the morality, Friedrich asks, of the so-called "morale bombing" in late February 1945 that destroyed Pforzheim, a small medieval town of no military or strategic importance, killing more than 20,000 inhabitants (a third of its population) in a few hours? What is the morality of the "science" that English strategists perfected during the course of the war to turn urban centers into raging infernos that burned or suffocated German civilians, many of them children who had no role in supporting the Nazi regime?

To raise such questions doesn't diminish the barbarism and inhumanity of the Holocaust. Nor does it cast doubt on the need to defeat Hitler. Much of the bombing—even including, perhaps, the late destruction of Dresden in February 1945—had an explicit military rationale. (The English historian Frederick Taylor has recently argued that the city housed many small munitions factories and that its railway hub was being used to funnel German soldiers to stop the Red Army's advance from the East.) What is more, not all of Friedrich's methods can be defended: He deliberately appropriates Holocaust terminology to describe the Allies' "extermination" techniques or the "crematoria" of burning buildings, and he makes copious use of traumatized contemporary witnesses, whose accounts are notoriously unreli-

From Classic Rock to Classical Jazz...

From LP's to CD's...your favorite music from any era

Discover one of the most timeless designs ever created and pay homage to a great American pastime with the Crosley Conductor.

I remember when the big bands were the kings of swing and Elvis and the Beatles were just starting to revolutionize the music scene. I remember hearing Bing Crosby and Glenn Miller on my parents record player—the one that looked like furniture but sounded great. That player was so beautiful that I look for vintage styles like that for my home today. My love for music has grown from the Beatles and Elvis to Norah Jones and Bruce Springsteen. But today's high-tech audio equipment just doesn't fit with my home's classic style. That's exactly why I want to tell you about the Crosley Conductor.

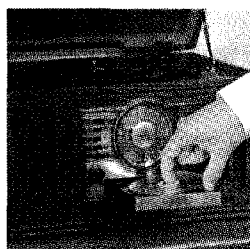
One of the most timeless designs ever created.

The Crosley Conductor was painstakingly rendered after the original I've come to know and love. The authentic design and audio performance come together to remind me of yesteryear but sound like today. This reproduction features extraordinary finishing touches like brass accents, heavy-duty hardware, and of course the famous Crosley seven step, hand rubbed furniture-style finishing process.

Fully functional for today's music.



If you have classic LP's or digital CD's the Crosley Conductor is ready for your music collection. This musical masterpiece features an analog AM/FM stereo radio, 3-speed record player, compact disc player and a side mounted cassette deck. This audio equipment has that hard-to-duplicate warmth that became so treasured several decades ago.



Try the Crosley Conductor in your home for 30 days and if your not thrilled listening to your old LP's and the latest CD's that you bought this week, just send it back for a full refund of the purchase price.

The History of Crosley Radio

The year was 1920—Powel Crosley founded the company that pioneered radio broadcasting and mass-market radio manufacturing. Dismayed with the \$130 price tag for the radio receiver he promised to buy for his son's birthday, Crosley decided to make his own. Upon successfully building a working set for only \$35 Crosley was quick to spot the mass market potential. His idea was a simple one. Design a fully functioning radio, meticulously craft each unit with obsessive detail and precise accuracy, and of course add a measure of consideration for the wallet.

Call now to take advantage of this limited offer.

The Crosley Conductor
Three payments of \$59.95 + S&H

800-859-2092

NEXTTEN

Promotional Code CRR176-01

Please mention this when you call.

To order by mail, please call for details.



14101 Southcross Drive W.,
Dept. CRR176-01
Burnsville, Minnesota 55337

For fastest service, call toll-free 24 hours a day **800-859-2092**

For information on all our products: www.NextTen.com

Statement of Ownership, Management, and Circulation 1. Publication Title: THE NATION. 2. Publication number: 3719-20. 3. Filing date: 9/22/05. 4. Issue frequency: weekly except for the second week in January and biweekly the third week of July through the second week of September. 5. Number of issues published annually: 47. 6. Annual subscription price: \$52.00. 7. Complete mailing address of known office of publication: 33 Irving Pl., 8th Floor, New York, NY 10003-2332. 8. Complete mailing address of headquarters or general business office of Publisher: 33 Irving Pl., 8th Floor, New York, NY 10003-2332. 9. Full names and complete mailing addresses of Publisher, Editor and Managing Editor: Publisher: Victor Navasky, 33 Irving Pl., 8th Floor, New York, NY 10003-2332. Editor: Katrina vanden Heuvel, 33 Irving Pl., 8th Floor, New York, NY 10003-2332. Managing Editor: Karen Rothmyer, 33 Irving Pl., 8th Floor, New York, NY 10003-2332. 10. Owner. (If the publication is owned by a corporation, give the name and address of the corporation, immediately followed by the names and addresses of all stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of the total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, give the names and addresses of the individual owners. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, give its name and address as well as those of each individual owner. If the publication is published by a nonprofit organization, give its name and address.) Full Name: The Nation Company, L.P. (Owner), The Nation Company Inc. (Sole General Partner), Victor Navasky (Sole Shareholder of General Partner): 33 Irving Pl., 8th Floor, New York, NY 10003-2332. 11. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: none. 12. Not applicable. 13. Publishing title: THE NATION. 14. Issue date for circulation data below: October 10, 2005. 15. Average number of copies each issue during preceding 12 months. A. Total number of copies (net press run): 209,978. B. Paid and/or requested circulation: (1) Paid/requested outside county mail subscription stated on Form 3541: 184,654. (2) Paid in-county subscriptions as stated on Form 3541: none. (3) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, counter sales, and other non-USPS paid distribution: 8,019. (4) Other classes mailed through the USPS: 6. C. Total paid and/or requested circulation: 192,679. D. Free distribution by mail (samples, complimentary, and other free). (1) Outside-county as stated on Form 3541: 1,279. (2) In-county as stated on Form 3541: none. (3) Other classes mailed through the USPS: none. E. Free distribution outside the mail (carrier or other means): 266. F. Total free distribution: 1,545. G. Total distribution: 194,224. H. Copies not distributed: 15,754. I. Total: 209,978. J. Percent paid and/or requested circulation: 99.20%. Extent and nature of circulation: Number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date: A. Total number of copies (net press run): 208,505. B. Paid and/or requested circulation. (1) Paid/requested outside-county mail subscriptions stated on Form 3541: 184,638. (2) Paid in-county subscriptions stated on Form 3541 (include advertiser's proof and exchange copies): none. (3) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, counter sales, and other non-USPS paid distribution: 7,536. (4) Other classes mailed through the USPS: 8. C. Total paid and/or requested circulation: 192,182. D. Free distribution by mail (samples, complimentary, and other free): (1) Outside-county as stated on Form 3541: 1,268. (2) In-county as stated on Form 3541: none. (3) Other classes mailed through the USPS: none. E. Free distribution outside the mail (carriers or other means): 3,650. F. Total free distribution: 4,918. G. Total distribution: 197,100. H. Copies not distributed: 11,405. I. Total: 208,505. J. Percent paid and/or requested circulation: 97.50%. 16. Publication statement of ownership will be printed in the October 17, 2005, issue of this publication. 17. Signature and title of Editor, Publisher, Business Manager, or Owner: Teresa Stack, President. Date: September 22, 2005. I certify that all information furnished on this form is true and complete. I understand that anyone who furnishes false or misleading information on this form or who omits material or information requested on the form may be subject to criminal sanctions (including fines and imprisonment) and/or civil sanctions (including civil penalties). United States Postal Service.

able. But Friedrich is a provocateur, not a Holocaust denier. A former Trotskyist who has written books on Wehrmacht crimes in Russia and the scandal of Nazi judges in the Federal Republic, he knows that National Socialist ideology aspired to create an empire "cleansed" of Jews, Gypsies, homosexuals and the infirm, and based on a racial hierarchy in which Russians and Poles were reduced to slavery. But in exploring these questions he does indict the means by which the Allies forced Germany to surrender. The strategy of "total war," he argues, engendered evil on both sides, and though Hitler initiated the practice, the Allies followed him down an ultimately criminal, unjustifiable path. In this sense *The Fire* represents the continuation of his generation's indictment of National Socialism—except now the finger is pointed at the Allies, and sympathy is extended to the civilian Germans who were their victims.

Following the popular success of Seibald's and Friedrich's works, German publishers have printed (or reprinted) a number of accounts by contemporary witnesses, some of which have now been translated into English. One of the most striking is by Hans Erich Nossack, whose book *The End* describes in spare, unsentimental prose the firebombing of Hamburg in July 1943. Written a few months after the event, this "report" was published after the war in Germany and hovered at the margin of public memory there; it appeared in English translation for the first time last year in a somber, even funereal, edition, the text framed by blackened pages front and back. Nossack's account owes its existence to his good fortune in having left Hamburg three days before the bombing for a summer cabin located some ten miles south of the city. From that vantage point—close enough to see the "flying fortresses" overhead and the huge fire on the horizon but far enough away to be out of physical danger—he experienced the destruction of his home as a spectator. "I was spared the fate of playing a role in it. I don't know why," he writes. Nossack then traveled into the bombed-out city—a modern-day Dante descending into the realm of the dead—to interview thousands of survivors who were so traumatized and confused they could barely speak or register emotion: "Those who were known to have experienced unimaginably frightful hours, who had run through fire with their clothes burning, stumbling over charred corpses...why didn't they cry and lament? And why this indifferent tone of voice when

they spoke of what they had left behind, this dispassionate manner of talking, as if telling about a terrible event from prehistoric times?"

On the other hand, Nossack has lost all of his belongings and become a refugee overnight, not just because the house he lived in no longer stands but because he has lost his relation to a lived past: the sight of St. Catherine's tower glimpsed each time he looked up from his desk, the recordings of Handel and Palestrina he played at Christmas, the diaries recording twenty-five years of his inner life as a writer. He is confronted not with a damaged city but with the absence of every familiar landmark—not devastated streets and buildings but crude paths winding over hills of rubble. People huddle together like animals, cook food over open campfires, wander aimlessly in search of basic necessities without thought for the larger political and historical context. In the blink of an eye his world has metamorphosed into a Kafkaesque landscape that is terrifyingly unfamiliar, abstract, almost timeless: "Nothing in our surroundings recalled what we had lost...it was something else, foreign, impossible."

Nossack has only disdain for the Nazis, whom he refers to merely as "the State" or "the powerful," and he notes that at least initially the Hamburg survivors showed no anger toward the Allied bombers, no desire for revenge; they experienced the destruction as some ineluctable, inscrutable "fate." Nossack sounds a rare false note by describing the catastrophe as the beginning of his "real life," even as a bizarre kind of existential "liberty" and "fulfillment." This mythicizing tendency may disappoint readers looking for political and social analysis—for a reflection on the origin of the war, say, or shame about Nazi policies toward Hamburg's Jews, most of whom had fled or been deported to the death camps. Some historical details peek through the narrative, as in this passage indicating that the authorities used slave laborers to clear the buildings: "What do you want in there?" one of the guards asks Nossack while blocking his way. "We saw prisoners in striped suits working. They were supposed to stack the dead." For the most part, however, Nossack's report focuses on the condition of German victims trapped in brutal elementary circumstances. The literary particularity of his text lies precisely in what it doesn't say: in the shocked, almost affectless silence of the victims for whom society, ideology, indeed time itself have become meaningless categories.

The rediscovery of Gert Ledig's novels, first published a decade after the war but long since out of print, marks one of the real triumphs of recent German efforts to explore the past. As a young man Ledig volunteered to serve in the Wehrmacht; he was wounded on the Eastern front in 1942 and wound up in Munich, where he experienced repeated Allied air attacks. He drew on both experiences for two remarkable novels, *The Stalin Front* (1955) and *Payback* (1956), the former now available in Michael Hofmann's felicitous translation. Stylistically, the novels are somewhere between Döblin and Robbe-Grillet, leavened with a bit of Céline's fiendishly dark humor. Both novels restrict themselves to a minute description of external events as perceived by lone individuals peering out of a foxhole, a bomb shelter or a flak tower. The result is a tunnel-like apprehension of reality, alternately violent, terrifying and sordid. The only relief from this narrative claustrophobia comes in the form of brief italicized passages that offer ironically lyrical flashbacks to a previous life, or laconic biographical statements by the protagonists in grotesque contrast to their wartime identities:

I, Heinrich Wieninger, lieutenant in an anti-aircraft unit, born on 9 September 1911, trained as a cook and was due to take over our hotel on my father's 65th birthday. At the age of seven I was cutting onions with my right hand. At the age of twenty I was stroking a girl's bare shoulder with my right hand. Three years ago I used the same hand to cut off a dead man's legs.

He was lying in the snow, he had frozen to death and he owned a pair of fur boots. I couldn't thaw out the whole body, so I took the boots with the chopped-off legs and put them in our dug-out. When they warmed up, the legs fell out. It was very easy.

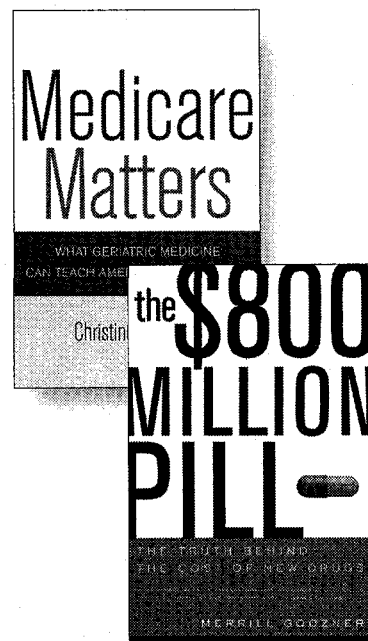
Neither of Ledig's novels shies away from this kind of macabre, matter-of-fact description of war; both are formally challenging. Yet *The Stalin Front* became a popular success, whereas *Payback* (from which this excerpt is drawn) was denounced by reviewers as intolerable, even pornographic, and quickly disappeared from circulation. Why? The answer, I think, lies in their very different content. However disturbing its individual details, *The Stalin Front* is basically a cry against the horrors of war. The common soldiers behave honorably, and even the Russians are decent. (There is no mention of atrocities on either side.) The problem lies with stupid and cowardly generals; one orders the soldiers to keep fighting while fleeing in his pajamas.

Ordinary German readers who had fought on the Eastern front, or had lost a husband or son there, could identify with the novel's unnamed but valiant protagonists, depicted in fierce combat with heavily armed opponents, not defenseless Russian civilians and Jews.

Payback is infinitely darker. The title itself (*Vergeltung* in German) is a grotesque reminder to the Germans that Hitler had promised to "pay back" the English with his "V," or *Vergeltung*, rockets; instead, the English paid back the Germans, and Ledig's implication is that they got what was coming to them. Even more disturbing is how the Germans behave in the midst of catastrophe. A soldier shoots three Russian slave laborers in cold blood. A man trapped in a bombed-out shelter with a young girl (who has herself refused to carry an old woman to safety) rapes her and then refuses to call for help, leading to both of their deaths. An American pilot is shot down and lynched by an angry, sadistic mob; the most fanatic of the bunch are a pimply boy who stares at the helpless victim with "the indifferent face of a child torturing an animal" and a medical doctor who beats the pilot with a poker while in a state of sexual arousal. Through it all, the narrator remains scathingly ironic about Germany and the possibility of religious consolation. "God on our side," he writes at the novel's end, mimicking a popular Nazi slogan. "But he was on the others' side as well." This was not the kind of memory that Germans wanted to cultivate in the 1950s.

For much of the cold war the mass rapes of more than a million German women and girls by Russian soldiers were a strictly guarded taboo for East and West Germany alike. (In Italy, by contrast, the sexual violence of North African troops assisting the Americans became the subject of a bestselling novel and a film with Sophia Loren.) East Germans were not allowed to publicly defame their Russian "liberators," of course, but West Germans also balked. Consider the remarkable account of these crimes written by an anonymous female journalist in Berlin at the end of the war. She couldn't find a publisher until 1954, and then only in the United States. When a German edition came out in Switzerland in 1959, German reviewers lambasted her "shameless immorality" and charged her with "besmirching the honor of German women." Although photocopies of the text began to circulate in the 1970s among feminists and some members of the New Left, *A Woman in Berlin* was not printed in Germany until 2003. (The author was

THE STATE OF OUR HEALTH



Medicare Matters

What Geriatric Medicine Can Teach American Health Care

BY CHRISTINE K. CASSEL

"Definitive... It explains, critiques, praises and expounds on Medicare with breadth, clarity, insight and an occasional flash of dry humor. It will be the book to read to understand where Medicare has been and it will be a needed stimulant for heated but fully informed discussions about where Medicare should be going."

—George C. Halvorson, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer, Kaiser Foundation Health Plan, Inc.

California/Milbank Books on Health and the Public
\$27.50 hardcover

The \$800 Million Pill

The Truth behind the Cost of New Drugs

BY MERRILL GOZNER

"Required reading....This book does for drugs what *Fast Food Nation* did for fast food, peeling back the layers of science, clever accounting, and hype to expose the dark side of the nation's most profitable industry."—*The Washington Monthly*
New in paperback, \$16.95

At bookstores or order
(800) 822-6657 • www.ucpress.edu



UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA PRESS

reportedly so incensed by this reception that she refused to let the book be published in Germany during her lifetime; even today readers continue to doubt the authenticity of her account.)

The diary covers a remarkable period of German history, from late April to mid-June 1945, when Germany was defeated, Hitler committed suicide and Russian troops occupied Berlin. The lawlessness of the city—its bombed-out buildings without electricity or water, its streets strewn with corpses and torched vehicles—is hard to imagine. The Russian soldiers, who had not seen their wives or girlfriends for years (the Red Army did not give home leave), went on a spree of looting and sexual revelry, raping some 100,000 Berlin women in a few weeks. The author of the diary was raped several times by different soldiers until she decided to preserve herself from random violence by choosing one officer to act as her protector—a decision made by many women, which exposed them later to charges of collaboration with the enemy. Once she finds a cultivated and kindly major, she admits that the intercourse between them is no longer rape. “Am I doing it because I like him or out of a need for love? God forbid!” But when she asks herself if she is doing it for “bacon, butter, sugar,” she acknowledges that the relationship gives her food and hence independence. What she experiences from the German men is perhaps just as damaging. When her fiancé finally returns from the front, she finds herself “cold as ice” in his arms and is glad when he is through. “For him I’ve been spoiled once and for all.” After hearing the women’s stories of their rapes, he calls them “a bunch of shameless bitches” and goes off with one of his war buddies.

Here we can see the reason this topic remained off-limits for so many years: not so much because the women were ashamed as because the men were doubly humiliated, first for having lost the war on the front, and then for having been unable to protect their wives and daughters at home. Some of the most devastating remarks in this diary concern the emasculation of German men—the “miserable and powerless” civilians who grub for food and stand idly by as the Russians claim their sexual booty; but also the returning soldiers with their “stubby chins and sunken cheeks” who inspire only pity, “no hope or expectation.” “The Nazi world—ruled by men, glorifying the strong man—is beginning to crumble,” she remarks; the end of the war marks the “defeat of the male sex.”

Throughout the violence, hunger and loss of her apartment and friends, this remarkable woman manages to preserve her sanity by recording her observations in an astonishingly precise, unsentimental form (elegantly translated here by Philip Boehm). A professional journalist who has traveled widely and speaks some Russian, she is attentive to her surroundings as well as herself. Like Nossack she refrains from self-pity; after one of her rapes she asks the sobbing women around her, “What’s the matter, I’m alive, aren’t I? Life goes on!” But she is more politically and socially attuned than he is. She notes, for instance, that the Berliners standing in long food lines for a few scraps repeat a common Nazi saying from the “good” years before the war: “‘For all this we thank the Fuhrer’.... Today the exact same words have precisely the opposite meaning, full of scorn and derision. I believe that’s what’s called a dialectic conversion.”

Although some 100,000 Berlin women were raped by Russian soldiers at the end of the war, the topic remained off-limits for years.

Political opportunism swells with the Russian success: “Everyone is now turning their backs on Adolf, no one was ever a supporter. Everyone was persecuted, and no one denounced anyone else.” As news of the death camps filters in at the end of her diary, she quickly latches on to the “sickness” and “insanity” of the German atrocities. “The radio just broadcast another concentration camp report. The most horrific thing is the order and the thrift: millions of human beings as fertilizer, mattress stuffing, soft soap, felt mats—Aeschylus never saw anything like that.”

Nossack and the Berlin diarist maintain an understated, factual tone that is in keeping with the trauma; they sensed that the catastrophe itself was enough, that they didn’t need exaggerated laments or special literary effects. The diary of a German soldier who fought in Russia, which will appear in English translation later this fall, *A Stranger to Myself* provides a telling counterexample to the spare texts of these professional writers. Drafted during the war, Willy Peter Reese is one of the few soldiers who kept an extensive diary of his experiences on the Eastern front. (The Wehrmacht discouraged the writing of diaries, fearing that valuable intelligence might fall into enemy hands.) Unskilled yet literarily ambitious, Reese gives us a wildly subjective, at times delirious, account of the

hunger, arctic cold and fear that beset the German troops in the disastrous campaign against the Red Army. Very little of the world around him emerges with any sharp contours. His head is filled with Rilke and Jünger, with metaphysical speculations on death and war as “purifying,” “elevating” experiences. The brute materiality of combat and bodily need sometimes bring him back to earth, but the minute his fear or hunger wanes he reverts to misty, inward-looking ruminations. He notes almost nothing of the enemy populations around him; no Russian civilians, no Jews, no houses with kitchens and beds and children. A rare exception is his brief remark about a Russian woman whose breasts the soldiers smeared with shoe polish before making her dance for their amusement.

Was Reese a victim? A victim of Nazi propaganda, Hitler’s megalomania and the lack of military planning that sent him and millions of other young Germans to war without adequate clothing, food or medical supplies? The question seems at once too simple and grossly inappropriate. Reese remains silent about the atrocities he must have wit-

nessed (or helped to commit) against unarmed Russians and Jews; he and millions of other Germans helped wage a criminal, racist war. However, his diary doesn’t allow us to cast him in the faceless role of “enemy” soldier and unfeeling or sadistic perpetrator. Instead we see a young, naïve man full of hopes and plans; an aspiring poet who rages against the role of “killing machine” that he has been forced into; and finally, a soldier who is oblivious to the suffering around him and does what he is told.

Uwe Timm’s recent memoir, *In My Brother’s Shadow: A Life and Death in the SS*, provides a much more probing look into Hitler’s war on the Eastern front, and also provides a striking example of how closely the new politics of German memory trace the generational fault lines of the late 1960s. Timm, one of Germany’s pre-eminent novelists, joined the German Communist Party in the 1960s and participated in the student rebellion. His memoir reveals the deep personal origins of this revolt—the ambivalence toward his nationalist and militarist father, as well as the jealousy toward his older brother, who became a member of the Waffen SS at 18, died from battle wounds suffered on the Russian front and was then idolized by his parents. Born in 1940 in Hamburg (where, at the age of 3, he survived the Allied bombing described by

Nossack in *The End*), Timm has only a few hazy memories of his brother on home leave, but he grew up after the war with his father's constant reminders of the gap between him, the "afterthought," and his heroic fallen brother.

It was only after the death of both his parents and his older sister that Timm felt free enough to investigate what his brother did during the war, thus exorcising this family specter by assembling a more complete, if still fragmentary, portrait based on family stories, photographs, letters and the spare war diary his brother kept from February to August 1943. Each laconic entry raises disturbing questions for Timm's moral conscience. A casual reference to a "big louse hunt" prompts the worry that his brother was not just delousing his uniform but doing "something very different"—that is, getting rid of the Russians and Jews described by Nazi propaganda as "lice" and "vermin." In another entry the brother describes a Russian soldier smoking cigarettes, just 250 feet away, as "fodder" for his machine gun—a remark that initially forced Timm to lay the diary aside.

Ultimately, it is the very ordinariness and lack of specific information that prove most unsettling. "I close my diary here," his brother writes in the final entry, "because I don't see any point in recording the cruel things that sometimes happen." What are these cruel things? Timm wonders. Do they refer to the victims of Nazi aggression or only to the Germans themselves? Unlike many letters posted from the front, the brother's diary includes no anti-Semitic remarks or stereotypical phrases about the Russian or Jewish civilians. On the other hand, it never questions the SS's systematic murder of the Russian and Jewish civilians who initially welcomed them: "It seems the people in these parts haven't had anything to do with the SS before. They were all glad to see us, waved, brought us fruit etc., so far there's only been Wehrmacht quartered here." This gap in narration points to a human "ordinariness" that is "terrifying": "[My brother's] notes show neither a killer by conviction nor incipient resistance. What they seem to express—and this I find terrifying—is partial blindness: only what is ordinary is recorded."

This is the point where one senses the personal stake in Timm's memoir: the fear (without the certainty) that his own brother committed atrocities, perhaps even the fear that he might not have behaved differently in his brother's shoes. Equally mesmerizing are the pages in which Timm delves into the fascination he still feels for his father, the bogeyman of his youthful rebellion.

For before he became the emblem of everything that was wrong with Nazi Germany, his father was a resourceful and successful businessman, an elegant raconteur who could charm his female customers and his drinking buddies (and, of course, his young son). Finally, Timm's Oedipal journey takes us back into the raw memories of earliest childhood, when he was a "mama's boy," raised by his mother and sister while his father was in the army and a POW camp. This father is an uncanny, unwelcome intruder; Timm's first memory of him is of a "strange man in uniform" lying in his mother's bed, a pistol on the bedside table,

and the "smell" of his leather holster and tall, shiny boots: "I saw him lying there with his mouth open, snoring. He was on leave. If I sniff my watchband I can once again catch that smell of sweaty leather, and he, my father, is closer to me than in any of my pictorial memories."

These are the tactile memories of childhood, more Kafkaesque than Proustian, that lie beneath the generational conflict that has etched itself so forcefully into postwar German history. It has taken a long time for the "good Germans" of 1968 to recover them, and to acknowledge the

Rolling Stone

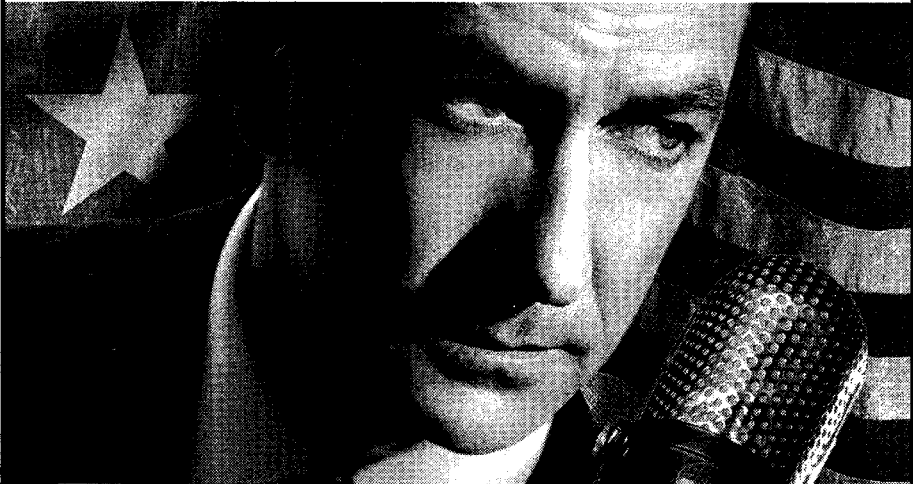
"AN ELECTRIFYING MOVIE EVENT."
One of the year's best... Clooney's maverick triumph."

The New York Times

"A PASSIONATE, THOUGHTFUL ESSAY ON POWER, TRUTH-TELLING AND RESPONSIBILITY..."
a cogent subject, an urgent set of ideas and a formally inventive, absolutely convincing way to make them live on screen... See it now."

david strathairn george clooney

good night, and good luck.



WARNER INDEPENDENT PICTURES and 2020 ENTERTAINMENT and PARTICIPANT PRODUCTIONS IN ASSOCIATION WITH DAVIS FILMS REDBUS PICTURES and TOHOKUSHINSHA PRESENT
A SECTION EIGHT PRODUCTION "GOOD NIGHT, AND GOOD LUCK" DAVID STRATHAIRN PATRICIA CLARKSON GEORGE CLOONEY JEFF DANIELS ROBERT DOWNEY JR.
FRANK LANGELLA CASTING BY ELLEN CHENOWETH COSTUME DESIGNER LOUISE FROGLEY EDITOR STEPHEN MIRRIONE A.C.E. PRODUCTION DESIGNER JIM BISSSELL DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY ROBERT ELSWIT A.S.C.
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS STEVEN SODERBERGH JENNIFER FOX BEN COSGROVE PRODUCED BY BARBARA A. HALL PRODUCED BY SIMON FRANKS ZYGI KAMASA KIYOTAKA NINOMIYA CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS SAMUEL HADIDA VICTOR HADIDA
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JEFF SKOLL CHRIS SALVATERRA PRODUCED BY TODD WAGNER MARK CUBAN MARC BUTAN
SCREENPLAY BY GRANT HESLOV DIRECTED BY GEORGE CLOONEY & GRANT HESLOV

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN
MILD THEMATIC ELEMENTS AND BRIEF LANGUAGE

www.report-it-now.com www.goodnightandgoodluck.com

exclusive engagements now playing in select cities

depth of their own familial connection to the horrors of the war. The fact that German memory is now focused on the dead of Dresden and Hamburg, and the raped women of Berlin, won't neutralize Holocaust memory. That lesson is too deeply ingrained in the German psyche, and the millions of tourists who now flock to Berlin every year to visit the "Holocaust Mile"—stretching from the Brandenburg Gate and the Reichstag, past Peter Eisenman's *Memorial to the Murdered Jews of Europe* to Daniel Libeskind's Jewish Museum—will make sure that it stays there. The real question is

whether the victors of World War II will be willing to examine the historical simplifications that have long provided a consensus about the "good war." If the recent resurgence of war memories in the new Berlin Republic has anything to tell us, surely a crucial element is the importance of individual historical experience that resists the either/or logic of victimhood. In a sense, arguing over whose victims can be counted is another way of continuing the war—a war that may truly be over only when we stop feeling the need to deny the Germans their stories of suffering and loss. ■

Fighting the Abyss

NOAH ISENBERG

THE AESTHETICS OF RESISTANCE. By Peter Weiss. Duke. 325 pp. \$22.95.

In our last conversation, several hours before he died, we spoke of the source of artistic creation," recalled Gunilla Palmsteirna-Weiss in her speech accepting the Büchner Prize, one of Germany's most coveted literary prizes, on behalf of her recently deceased husband, the German-born

writer Peter Weiss. "It is the black chasm which all of us carry within ourselves: just as there are black holes in space, in the macrocosm, so also in man, in the microcosm. In order to overcome this black hole, this emptiness, we must constantly be conquering it.... Peter was constantly in close combat with the abyss."

Born in 1916 on the outskirts of Berlin to a Hungarian-Jewish father who had converted to Christianity and a Swiss-German mother, Weiss had narrowly avoided the abyss as a young man. As the rise of National Socialism made life more and more precarious, the Weiss family moved to London, then to Czechoslovakia, where Weiss's father managed a textile factory. In 1938, after the Germans occupied the Sudetenland, Weiss's parents took refuge in Stockholm; Peter, who had been studying at the Academy of Art in Prague, soon joined them. Weiss became a Swedish citizen in 1946, and through the late 1940s made his living as a journalist for a Swedish paper. Around this time, he began writing poetry in Swedish, while painting and directing experimental and documentary

films. Although he went on to write his best-known work in German, he never resettled in the land of his birth.

It was in the mid-1960s that Weiss first came to prominence as a dramatist, with his meditation on the French Revolution, *Marat/Sade*—or, in the play's more evocative full title, *The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade*. *Marat/Sade* premiered at the Schiller Theater in West Berlin in 1964 and soon after achieved international fame in its English rendition staged by Peter Brook. Weiss's deeply imaginative and unsettling play, which hinges on a fictional debate between the detached, skeptical Sade and the *engagé*, forward-looking Marat, struck a chord with theatergoers attuned to similar high-pitched debates that defined the political battles of the day. In large part thanks to Brook, who would adapt it for the screen in 1967, the play reached an unusually wide audience for an avant-garde production, playing for many months in Germany, England, the United States and elsewhere.

By the time *Marat/Sade* appeared, Weiss had already produced a considerable body of literary work written in both Swedish and German, including poems, other plays and novels. His enduring preoccupation with violence, oppression, persecution

and human frailty would permeate much of his subsequent dramatic work, from *The Investigation* (1965), a stark, fact-laden documentary play based on the observations he made while visiting the Auschwitz trials in Frankfurt the previous year, to *Vietnam Discourse* (1968) and *Trotsky in Exile* (1970).

These dramatic works grew not only from a Brechtian conviction that playwrights have a duty to awaken the consciousness of theater audiences but also from a commitment to leftist politics off-stage. Weiss had begun to immerse himself in Marx's writings while completing *Marat/Sade*, and his own leanings—his dialectical understanding of history and the recurrent oppositions treated in his writing—were often made palpable, in particular in his aim to trigger sustained critical reflection on the part of the audience. "If I want anything from an audience," Weiss explained, "it's that they listen very carefully and be completely awake, not hypnotized, absolutely alive, answering all the questions in the play."

In 1968, that fateful year for the student movement and the New Left, Weiss officially put theory into practice, joining the Swedish Communist Party. Not long afterward, while still actively involved in a range of political causes, including the antiwar movement and the battle against all remnants of fascism in Germany, he embarked on his most ambitious, most radical project to date: a sprawling epic novel that sought to take stock of the great struggles leading up to those he was facing in the early 1970s. Weiss labored feverishly on his three-volume, thousand-page *magnum opus*—originally called *The Resistance* but later renamed *The Aesthetics of Resistance*—during the final decade of his life. He survived its final publication, in 1981, by only a year.

Arguably one of the most demanding works of modern German literature, Weiss's tome has no linear narrative development, no clear beginning, middle or end, no chapter breaks, few paragraph breaks and no clear plot lines. While it shares some of the stock features of the classic *Bildungsroman* (it tracks, in part, the character formation of the nameless first-person narrator) and, even more, of the 1950s *nouveau roman* of Alain Robbe-Grillet and Nathalie Sarraute, it ultimately resists such categories, as one might expect. Indeed, one very basic element of "aesthetic resistance," perhaps envisioned as a formal irritant, is the novel's self-conscious disavowal of its own genre. In his writing

Noah Isenberg is chair of humanities at the New School and, during the fall of 2005, a visiting associate professor of German at the University of Pennsylvania. His books include *Between Redemption and Doom: The Strains of German-Jewish Modernism (Nebraska)*.

for the theater, Weiss went to considerable lengths to insure that audiences would not be lulled into a state of hypnosis—or, for that matter, complacent enjoyment—and he took similar precautions in *The Aesthetics of Resistance*, whose first volume is finally available in an English edition. The novel demands a constant state of alertness; any dozing off will require a frantic search back through the thick web of material for traces of where the fatal slip occurred.

While the book encompasses countless historical figures, many of them antifascist Resistance fighters of the 1930s and '40s, it centers on a group of young activists who formed what came to be known as the Rote Kapelle, or Red Orchestra, an underground anti-Nazi organization whose leaders were executed in Berlin in late 1942. Each of these figures, adapted and subject to revision in the novel, is taken directly from the historical record. There is Hans Coppi, who would later become a radio operator in the Resistance; Horst Heilmann, a student of politics and interpreter of wartime documents; and the group's elder guide, the socialist physician Max Hodann, who was imprisoned by the Nazis but went on to serve as a physician in the International Brigades during the Spanish Civil War and later mentored Peter Weiss while both were living in Swedish exile in the 1940s. The first-person narrator, who bears a strong resemblance to the author, has political credentials that are almost too perfect (leading some early critics to charge Weiss with writing a "*Wunschautobiographie*," or "imagined autobiography," for himself): He was born on the eve of the Russian Revolution to proletarian parents (rather than to a factory manager) who groomed him for his later service in the Resistance.

Much of the first volume of *The Aesthetics of Resistance*, translated into English by Joachim Neugroschel, revolves around the passionate debates among these and other members of the Resistance group. Already in the opening pages, set inside the Pergamon, Berlin's great museum of antiquities, they stand before the altar frieze imported to modern Germany from the ancient world and begin to recognize their own plight in the images they examine: "The heyday of the Pergamene Kingdom lasted for only a few short decades, and it had been preceded by over a century of unabated warfare. This was the pattern still inherent in most politics today. The laws of the ancient slaveholding society were still in effect." They very quickly see their aesthetic engagement through a political prism, that is, as "attempts to escape speechlessness," to

gain access to a formerly forbidden realm and "to overcome petty bourgeois leanings." As the narrator quips, "From the very outset, our studying was rebellion."

What this means, in effect, is that whatever they happen to study, aesthetic criticism for these young intellectuals—as for other Western Marxist thinkers of the period, like Gramsci, Lukács and Benjamin—is never divorced from politics. *The Divine Comedy* and *Ulysses* become occasions for reflection on the limits and possibilities of socialism, while Kafka's *The Castle* evokes the "definitive gap in power and privilege" and is, at base, "a proletarian novel" (this would have been news to

the cultural commissars in Communist Eastern Europe, who often suppressed Kafka as the ultimate decadent novelist). History, in general, represents "one long sequence of horror and rebellion." As Coppi asserts, "If we want to take on art, literature, we have to treat them against the grain, that is, we have to eliminate all the concomitant privileges and project our own demands into them." This, needless to say, does not always make for the most nuanced critical analysis.

Still, some of the most gripping—and most beautiful—passages of Weiss's novel appear in detailed examinations of classic paintings by Delacroix, Goya, Brueghel,

Suffolk Arts & Sciences

Professional Politics

MS in POLITICAL SCIENCE

Community Advocacy

Fundraising

Lobbying

Public Opinion Polling

Speech-Writing



Changing Your Future Is Just The Beginning.

- Intensive one year full-time program, plus part-time options
- Proven record of placing graduates in political positions
- Hands-on campaign internship
- Polling insight at Suffolk University Political Research Center

FOR MORE INFORMATION:

Call: 617-573-8302

Office of Graduate Admissions
8 Ashburton Place
Boston, MA 02108

COLLEGE OF ARTS & SCIENCES
Suffolk University
BEACON HILL • BOSTON • MA

www.suffolk.edu/politicalscience

Géricault, Munch and others, and their bearing on contemporary struggles. Of Picasso's *Guernica*, for instance, Weiss writes: "The painting presented something utterly new, incomparable. Crudely, violently, the sharp shadows and cones of light, the flatly intersecting mastodontic limbs and faces, the hard diagonals and verticals contradicted the deep, motionless density all around. The air was filled with the metallic singing of crickets." These and other lavish analyses offset the otherwise staid political proclamations ("We remain wage slaves instead of steering production processes"); they also betray Weiss's flair for visual description, a consistent feature of his work.

In his foreword to the English edition, Fredric Jameson argues that Weiss's novel "is not so much a contribution to aesthetic theory as rather a working out of an aesthetic pedagogy." This can, of course, have its drawbacks, especially where that pedagogy becomes doctrinaire. Critics have faulted the author's pedantic tone, which at times resembles "the voice of party seminars and academies" (Ferenc Feher) or "a handbook of class-struggle" (Klaus Scherpe) more than a novel.

But Weiss's project has another, deeper aim than advancing the socialist revolution, namely to give voice to fascism's victims, and to preserve the memory of their lives and example—hence the archival nature of his work, with its painstaking attention to the names of fallen comrades. This was his way of waging "combat with the abyss," as his wife remarked. As W.G. Sebald has observed, in Weiss's epic novel, "The process of writing...is the struggle against 'the art of forgetting,' a struggle that is as much a part of life as melancholy is of death, a struggle consisting in the constant transfer of recollection into written signs." The Greek goddess of memory, Mnemosyne, thus occupies a central place here, both as a subject of commentary and as an intellectual and spiritual guide, bearing witness to the horrors of history ("She protects what our own knowledge contains in all achievements"). According to Sebald, whose own decidedly non-didactic writing possesses a few subtle affinities with *The Aesthetics of Resistance*, Weiss's work should be understood as "an expression of the will to be on the side of the victims at the end of time." By victims, Weiss is not referring exclusively, or even primarily, to the Jews who died in Nazi concentration camps. Indeed, there are very few references, apart from the narrator's mother's declaration of solidarity

with the plight of the Jews, to the ethnic or religious background of his subjects. He is more interested in the militants who chose to fight Nazism than in those who were singled out as its victims because of their racial or sexual identity. While this widens the scope of compassion, it also very clearly dates the novel as a product of the European left of the 1970s.

Like the work of Brecht and other old-guard leftist writers, Weiss's *Aesthetics* seems, on occasion, rather anachronistic. The questions it addresses—what role, for instance, the artist should play in the class struggle—are so deeply rooted in the time when Weiss wrote that his novel cries out not only for linguistic translation but also for a kind of historical and political translation; the latter, it turns out, is more difficult.

Perhaps this explains why in recent years, on both sides of the Atlantic, Peter Weiss has, after a brief boom around the

fall of the Berlin wall, drifted further into oblivion. The recent *New History of German Literature*, published by Harvard last year, did not even see fit to include an entry on *The Aesthetics of Resistance*. In spite of the admirable effort to publish the first volume—both translator and publisher are to be commended for taking on this formidable challenge—one doubts whether the novel will ever find much of an audience in the twenty-first century. As Klaus Scherpe noted in the early 1980s, soon after the novel's third and final volume appeared, "It is to be feared that Peter Weiss' *Aesthetics* remains just as unread as the most discussed books of this century: Joyce's *Ulysses*, Proust's *Remembrance*, and Musil's *Man Without Qualities*." If, as fate or the unforgiving eye of history would have it, Weiss's novel is finally to be consigned to the neglected masterworks of Modernism, we can at least take some solace in knowing it will be in good company. ■

ART

Mute Point

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Memory is not the same as history. —Peter Eisenman

In a recent trip to Germany, I came across a number of small brass memorial markers, set into the pavement in front of a house on the Richard Wagner Strasse, just around the corner from my hotel in Cologne. There were twenty-two in all, each with the name of a person who had lived in the house and been deported in 1941 to Riga, to die in a concentration camp. "*Hier wohnte*," each one said—"Here lived"—followed by the name and birth date of the deportee. The memorials to Eva, Ludwig, Kurt and Louis Meyer formed a square, set apart. Else Meyerhof and her sister—or daughter—Eva were together in a cluster of their neighbors. I wondered why I had not noticed the markers before, since I had walked past that house several times, and concluded that I may have been sensitized by the total anonymity of Peter Eisenman's *Memorial to the Murdered Jews of Europe*, which I had visited over the weekend in Berlin. Once I noticed them, though, I began to find others, all over the quarter where I was staying, one of the few to have survived the bombings in World War II.

It was perhaps the expression *Hier wohnte*, identifying the building as a *Wohn-*

ung, or home, that imbued the markers with an aura of loss and desolation. Each tells the same story: a dweller hauled from his or her home and carted away to die. That specificity of location would be diluted if the immense plaza where Eisenman's memorial is installed were instead paved with 6 million brass markers, like the ones in Cologne, each with the name of an individual Jew known to have been evicted, deported and murdered. *Hier* would instead acquire a wider, more diffuse reference, applying not to the Jews of Berlin and even Germany but throughout Europe. One can imagine such a monument being almost blindingly bright on sunny days, polished by the incessant shuffle of tourists' feet. Survivors could be escorted to the name of someone killed, as they are led to the name of the person they have come to grieve over at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington. There is something

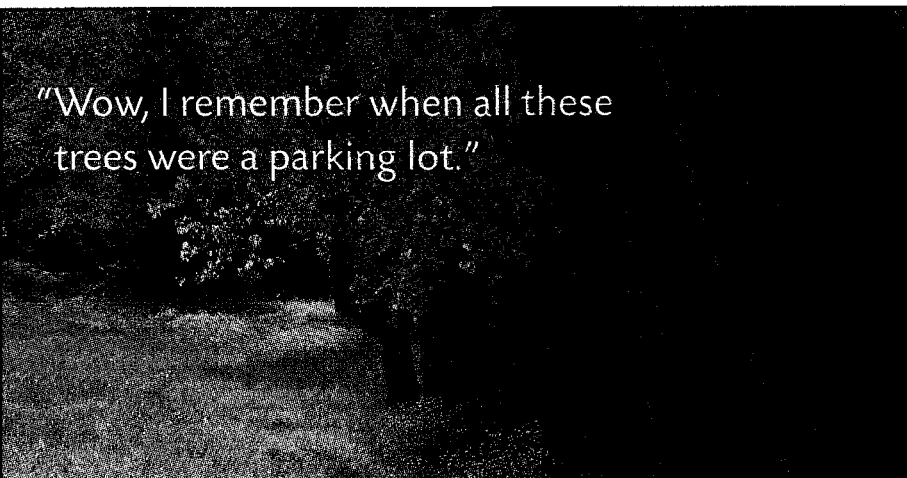
achingly moving about the simple markers in Cologne, reminiscent of the vernacular shrines that appeared like wildflowers all over New York after 9/11, often with a photograph of a victim.

The ground where the memorial stands, not long ago a no man's land, could not be more central—it is the heart of the heart of the country, to use William Gass's expression. It is separated by a single row of official buildings from the Brandenburg Gate, the symbolic entryway into the city, and the western boundary of Unter den Linden, like the Champs-Élysées or Fifth Avenue the parade route of the nation. Sir Norman Foster's dome for the Reichstag can be seen nearby, as well as the newly constructed chancellor's office. In the opposite direction rises Potsdamer Platz, symbol of contemporary Berlin and a unified Germany, with its malls and jubilant glass towers. Across some undistinguished ground, not so long ago patrolled by police dogs and tripwires for machine gun emplacements, rise some very imposing "slab" housing in the dreary style of the former Communist East Germany. The southern edge of the memorial is bounded by a street named after Hannah Arendt. This is real estate drenched in symbolism, and since unification it has become very valuable property as well. That the German Parliament held the developers at bay while debating the installation of a memorial to the victims of an acknowledged national crime is little short of astonishing.

Debate on the principle of such a monument began before the site itself was available. After two competitions, one open and the other between invited contenders of considerable prominence, the commission went in 1998 to the team of architect Peter Eisenman and Richard Serra. Serra quit the project early on, unwilling to accept the kinds of compromises that architects are accustomed to making.

The designated area is sometimes said to be the size of two football fields—a better guide to visualizing its scale than measurements in square feet or meters. It is not an even playing field, to continue with the image—it dips down to a considerable depth in one direction, and then rises up. A grid of regular walkways is imposed on this irregular surface, not quite wide enough to accommodate two people. Between the walkways are more than 2,000 rectangular steles, in gray concrete, each just under a meter wide by 2.38 meters in length. A mapping of the field, drawn from above, would be a grid of rectangles, separated

"Wow, I remember when all these trees were a parking lot."



The future can be taller. Quieter.
And filled with green places.
Invest in tomorrow today.

Domini 
SOCIAL INVESTMENTS®
Investing For Good™

1-800-762-6814 www.domini.com

You should consider the Domini Funds' investment objectives, risks, charges, and expenses carefully before investing. Please obtain a copy of the Funds' current prospectus for more complete information on these and other topics by calling 1-800-762-6814 or online at www.domini.com. Please read it carefully before investing or sending money. DSIL Investment Services LLC, Distributor 04/05

The Nation

The Nation.

The Nation.

Mart

www.TheNationMart.com

from one another by the walkways. Each walkway is an entrance and an exit—one can enter the memorial anywhere, follow any path and exit wherever one wishes. There is no fence. The memorial is entirely open to the city. You can use any of its paths as a shortcut to get to the other side. Nothing especially distinguishes one stele from another, so there is no special reason to head for one stele in particular. With two exceptions, the steles are all alike. They differ in height, and they differ in the degree to which the upper surface slants.

There are 303 steles more than four meters high, 569 steles from three to four meters high, 491 steles from two to three meters high, 869 steles from one to two meters high, 367 steles from zero to one meter high—and there are 112 flat platforms without steles. None of these figures carries any symbolic meaning, nor does the total number—2,711 steles—have any special significance. There is no code—nothing like the rather grating number of 1,776 that Daniel Libeskind seems proud to have selected as the height, in feet, of the Freedom Tower projected for Ground Zero. The difference in height is due to the unevenness of the ground: It enables the top surfaces of the steles roughly to line up with one another, forming a unified sur-

face. If one follows a pathway that dips to the field's lowest point, the steles on either side are among the highest in the whole complex, so one can feel somewhat lost. But this difference in elevation is not registered in the overall surface of the field of steles, which, because of the variation in slant, creates the sense of a gentle wave, like the surface of a body of water or, to use an example from Eisenman himself, like the surface of a field of grain. (There is also an incongruous stand of forty-one trees on the side facing the Tiergarten park, mandated by the overseer of the commission.) The result is a late Minimalist masterpiece of monoliths with variously slanting tops, together forming an undulating surface.

Viewed as a work of art, the memorial is impressive. Eisenman's work is not beautiful, but it would, I think, have been an artistic defect had it been beautiful in the Kantian sense of yielding a certain disinterested pleasure. A memorial is not intended to be an object of aesthetic gratification but a reminder of something in danger of being forgotten. As Eisenman himself has admitted: "I think it's a little too aesthetic. It's a little too good-looking. It's not that I wanted something bad-looking, but I didn't want it to seem

designed. I wanted the ordinary, the banal." One is reminded of what Marcel Duchamp said of his ready-mades: "The choice of these ready-mades was based on a reaction of visual indifference with at the same time a total absence of good or bad taste." The difference, of course, is that, unlike Duchamp's toilet, Eisenman's banal, concrete slabs are not a subversive commentary on the nature of art but rather an attempt to honor the victims of an immense historical catastrophe. The spirit of the memorial is solemn rather than insouciant.

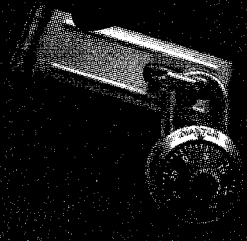
Because the aims of a memorial are by definition distinct from those of a work of art, the question naturally arises as to whether Eisenman's Minimalist, mute creation succeeds in evoking a historical tragedy as vast in scale as the Holocaust. History tells us how many Jews, from how many places and under what circumstances, were casualties of the Holocaust. But who remembers the Holocaust as a series of names, places and statistics? Holocaust memories are specific, ineradicable images of people being hauled out of houses, forced into inhuman conditions and treated with the terrible, deliberate cruelty of which only human beings are capable. A representation of the Holocaust would arguably have to build into

APRIL 4, 2005
\$2.95
\$3.75 Canada

The Nation.

**SILENCING SPEECH
ON CAMPUS**

OPINIONATED
WOMEN
Kathie Pollitt
MICHAEL
JACKSON IN
NEVADA
Judy Rosen



RUSSELL JACOBY
KEVIN MATTSON
SCOTT SHERMAN

DIVERSITY DEMOCRACY DIALOGUE

FREE TEACHING GUIDE

www.thenationclassroom.com

The Nation Classroom is the education program that answers the urgent need for **DIVERSITY. DEMOCRACY. DIALOGUE.**

In these troubled times more than ever, The Nation Classroom offers a unique alternative for college and high school educators looking for ways to encourage a healthy diversity of opinion while instilling in students the confidence to express themselves freely.

The independent voice in education is pleased to announce our new redesigned site—now featuring a **FREE** weekly teaching guide available online for 24 weeks during the fall and spring semesters.

Educators can download a free weekly teaching guide to coincide with each issue during the school year. The Nation Classroom also offers:

- Discounted rates for college students
- Low-cost bulk rates for educators
- Pre-planned learning packs, culled from our 140-year archive, covering a variety of topics from the Scopes trial and Vietnam to the Brown decision and many more
- Special low rates to reprint digital articles

So give your students a view of the world untainted by government or big business interests.

TO ACCESS OUR FREE TEACHING GUIDES AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR SPECIAL EDUCATOR RATES AND OFFERS, VISIT OUR WEBSITE

WWW.THENATIONCLASSROOM.COM

or mail this information request form today to:
The Nation Classroom, 33 Irving Place,
New York, NY 10003

For more information on The Nation Classroom.

NAME

SCHOOL/DISTRICT

ADDRESS

CITY/ST/ZIP

EMAIL

TWO \$75,000 GRANTS

PUBLIC: Want to hold news media accountable?
NEWS MEDIA: Want to regain public trust?
 Start a NEWS COUNCIL together. We can help.
Apply by 2/15/06 to
www.news-council.org
 East of the Mississippi
www.wanewscouncil.org
 West of the Mississippi
 Project funded by
 John S. & James L. Knight Foundation

Back by popular demand!

"Liar, Liar" heavy cotton baseball t navy blue & white \$20 plus 4.95 s&h

Liar, Liar...
 THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
 SEAL OF THE PRESIDENT
 WORLD ON FIRE!

Antiwar, anti-Bush t-shirts & buttons
 Profits go to activists
www.ProtestWorks.com
 or write: POB 424906, S.F., CA 94142

Boom, Boom, Boom.

The sound of an Indian drum introduces Bob Cole's Action Thriller, *THE WARRIOR*, a story of the anti-nuclear movement.

John Fooleman intends to build nuclear power plants all across the country. Spike Dumpster has no redeeming qualities. Jim Kawatcha is a pacifist American Indian. "I can not kill! I can not kill!" BUT HE HAS TO KILL, KILL, and KILL AGAIN! Barb is a preacher's daughter. "If GOD gave me such fine equipment, surely he intended for me to use it."

IF YOU READ NO OTHER BOOK THIS YEAR,
 YOU MUST READ *THE WARRIOR*.

ISBN 0-7414-231406

Infinity Publishing, www.buybooksontheweb.com,
 (877-287-2665) and at other book stores. \$13.95

ADVERTISE IN THE NATION
(212) 209-5414

the image not merely the number of lives extinguished or ruined but the evil implied in its conception and execution.

The opacity of Eisenman's memorial is a conscious choice, rooted in his sense of the enormity of the Holocaust, and of his suspicion of, as it were, graven images. As he has said, "The Holocaust is of such magnitude that it cannot be represented without such representation becoming kitsch, sentimental and hollow." It's almost as if he made a work that defies visual representation precisely in order to avoid such pitfalls. And since the memorial embodies nothing that belongs to what is conventionally understood to be the imagery of the Holocaust, it is radically abstract—a regimented complex of Minimalist monoliths that refuse to name what they are intended to commemorate.

The problem with making a work out of laterally uniform monoliths and arranging them in regular rows is that the result is likely to evoke a graveyard—something that obviously troubles Eisenman, who has alternately conceded and denied the resemblance when it has been pointed out to him. "The space isn't a graveyard," he has insisted. "I didn't want names. It should be absent of meaning." It is, of course, true that a field of monoliths cannot embody any specific meaning, and that the meaning is filled, or at least completed, by the viewer. But the title of the memorial clearly designates a set of individuals—the murdered Jews of Europe—and connotes a concept, that of genocide. So there is something troubling about the fact that nothing in the monument informs the visitor of either dimension of its meaning. No wonder it can so easily be mistaken for a graveyard or, as is often the case with young children, for a funhouse or playground.

Eisenman has an explanation for the absence of any visual cues, and it is one for which I have some sympathy. As he explains it, he was seeking not so much to represent the Holocaust—an impossibility—as to create a certain experience, an experience of nothingness and disorientation: "I was thinking about a field of corn that I was lost in in Iowa when I did it. I was trying to do something that had no center, had no edge, had no meaning, that was dumb." Abstractly, this is a brilliant idea. Here, in the middle of things dense with information—the Brandenburg Gate, the Reichstag, Unter den Linden, the Academy of Art, the ghost of the Berlin wall, the no man's land divided by the wall—is this black hole, a place in-



Travel to India

Gandhian Legacy and
 Grassroots Development
Dec 29 - Jan 12, 2006

Models of Economic
 Democracy

March 13, 2006 - March 27, 2006

India is at the center of major challenges to globalization - Join a Reality Tour and experience what is happening on the ground.

GLOBAL EXCHANGE

Reality Tours

800-497-1994 x261 | www.globalexchange.org



"Homeland Security" t-shirt • item #1977B • sizes S-3X

Products for Progressives since 1979.

Northern Sun Merchandising

to order, or for a free catalog • 800.258.8579 xTN
www.northernsun.com

when
 sh**
 happens,
 wipe it
 away!



order your roll at:
wipeyourtushwithbush.com

Don't Wait Until 2008 to Make a Change.
Switch to pair Networks Today.

Don't wait for tomorrow.
 It's time for a change.

Switch to a superior Web host and get your
 message out to the rest of the world.



www.pair.com

THE CONSTITUTIONAL DIVIDE

by William P. Kreml

The Bill of Rights Is A Public Sector Document

Still Selling: A Book The Right Couldn't Kill

University of South Carolina Press (800) 768-2500

www.sc.edu/uscpress/1997/3111.html

EVENTS

NATIONAL

Economy Connection

■ Social Security. War and global capitalism. Unemployment and recession. Wealth, poverty and inequality. Economy Connection, a project of the Union for Radical Political Economics, can provide speakers and resources on these and related topics for events sponsored by community groups, unions, high schools, colleges or political organizations. Contact us at (201) 792-7459 or soapbox@comcast.net. Join URPE! Contact www.urpe.org, (413) 577-0806, URPE@labornet.org.

NEW YORK

Bush Crimes Commission

■ October 21-23: First session of the Not In Our Name statements of conscience sponsored international commission of inquiry on charges of crimes against humanity committed by the Bush Administration. The occupation of Iraq and Afghanistan, torture and indefinite detention, destruction of the global environment and attacks on global health and reproductive rights. Grand Ballroom, Manhattan Center, 311 West 34th Street. Volunteers needed. Visit www.nion.us/commission.htm. Contact: commission@nion.us or (212) 941-8086.

Shield New York: A Call to Action

■ "Shield New York From Nuclear and Bio-Terrorism: A Call to Action." A conference addressing what must be done to protect New York from nuclear and biological terrorism. Speakers include Governor Thomas Kean, Jonathan Schell, Graham Allison, Stephen Flynn, Tara O'Toole, Rick MacArthur, Chris Hedges, Robert Hormats, Joseph Cirincione, Charles Ferguson. Free and open to the public. September 29-30. John Jay College. 899 10th Avenue. To register and for further info, go to www.shieldny.org or www.centeronterrorism.org.

Beating Around the Bush

■ An evening of American satire with Art Buchwald, Kurt Vonnegut, Paul Krassner and Barry Crimmins, with playwright/actor/poet Sarah Jones as master of ceremonies and an introduction on American satire by Lewis Lapham, author of *Gag Rule: On the Suppression of Dissent and Stifling of Democracy*. Wise and incendiary political satire at its best, hosted by Seven Stories Press, publisher of Crimmins's *Never Shake Hands With a War Criminal*, Vonnegut's *A Man Without a Country*, Buchwald's *Beating Around the Bush* and Krassner's upcoming *One Hand Jerking: Reports From an Investigative Satirist*. 7-9 PM, October 6, Concert Hall of the New York Society for Ethical Culture, 2 West 64th Street at Central Park West. <http://www.nysec.org/>. Tickets \$20 at door. Advanced sales for \$50. Reserved seating available at (800) 596-7437 or www.sevenstories.com. Press inquiries, contact Crystal Yakacki at (212) 226-8760. Co-sponsored by The Nation Institute and the International Socialist Organization.

The advertising deadline for Events is every Thursday. Rates: \$190 for 50 words; \$225 for 75 words, additional words (above 75) \$2.00 each. To place an ad, call Leigh at (212) 209-5414.

tended to embody meaninglessness. It is as if he wanted to say to the German people that the Holocaust cannot be accounted for, that it is not part of the meaning of German history and yet it happened. It is an impossibility that actually took place. It is brilliant but too much to ask of anyone that they should say: This is what he is getting at, this is what the *Memorial to the Murdered Jews of Europe* is about! The experience is like being lost in a cornfield!

After all, nobody thinks of a cornfield in the middle of Eisenman's memorial. True, nobody pauses to interpret the undulations, or to ask why the gravestones should undulate. So what do they do instead? They walk back and forth, talking on their cell phones. Or they photograph one another over the tops of the steles. Girls shriek with laughter and wave to one another—I thought of Valéry's line "*les cris aiguës des filles chatouillées*"—"the sharp cries of tickled girls"—in his masterpiece, *Marine Cemetery*. Someone laid two yellow roses on top of a stele, someone else a basket with two plants. Some people place a single stone atop a stele. But boys still jump from stele to stele. It is a kind of formal stone garden, with custodians picking up debris.

Underneath the memorial there is a Center of Information, where visitors can learn about the Holocaust. Like the trees, the center wasn't part of the original plan, but Eisenman resigned himself to it. "As an architect," he said, "you win some and you lose some." Still, though the center has the quality of an afterthought, I can appreciate the bureaucratic frustration that led to its creation, given the memorial's failure to convey the appropriate kind of feeling. Great memorials are not mute. Unlike the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, Eisenman's work will not help heal the gap between German generations, or between Germany and the Jews, to the extent those gaps still exist.

Kant thought of works of art as "aesthetic ideas"—as meaningful without implying any specific meaning. They prompt the imagination to range over possible interpretations without foreclosing any. "If one person says it looks like a graveyard," Eisenman says, "and the next says it looks like a ruined city, and then someone says it looks like it is from Mars—everybody needs to make it look like something they know." Yet the issue isn't what the memorial looks like but how one is supposed to feel about what it designates. Imagination is not the same as history. Memorials are tied to what happened. ■

Classified

While we reserve the right to edit, reject or reclassify any advertisement, The Nation wishes its readers to know we don't have the facilities to check the promises made by our advertisers, and we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.

ACTIVISM

INVESTIGATE FOR YOURSELF! A great World Teacher is here with practical solutions to our most critical problems. Justice, reason and peace will prevail. Free CD. (888) 242-8272, share-international.org.

ANCIENT SECRETS

PROOF JESUS FICTIONAL. Scholarly booklet conclusively proves Flavius Josephus (Romans) created fictional Jesus, authored gospels. Amazing but absolutely incontrovertible! \$10: Abelard, Box 5652-A, Kent, WA 98064. (Details, SASE.)

AUTHOR'S QUERY

WRITERS NEEDED for a reference volume on American radical and reform writers. Entries: Will Durant, Matilda Joslyn Gage, Karl Hess, Winona LaDuke, J. Howard Moore, William English Walling, Julius Wayland, the Modern School Movement. Contact: lfurey63@hotmail.com. The Art Institute of Atlanta, (770) 689-5062.

BLOGS/WEB

FREE—Song parodies and rhymed verse satirizing Junior's foibles and miscalculations. www.politicalboondoggles.com.

OUTSIDE THE BOX! Secular, spiritual blogs, books. Free download e-zine, e-book. Comments invited. www.karloebing.com.

WANTED: THINKERS. Reliable website host and domain-name registrar seeks thinking customers. Learn more at www.pair.com.

BOOKS

INTERESTING USED BOOKS since 1961. A dozen nonfiction categories. Not rare, not expensive. Send stamp for latest list. Roger Harris, Box 589, Bennington, VT 05201.

WATCH BOSTON LEGAL? THE LAW FIRM? THE SCHOLAR? Denzel Washington? Ken Lay? Want to read real celebrity justice? Then read *From the Palace to the Prison*. Rush Limbaugh should read it and weep. Get it at www.cafepress.com/manning. See more at <http://dashcash.blogspot.com>.

GOT LESBIAN FICTION? Read (and teach!) *Crashing America* (Alyson Books, 2005). www.katianoyes.com. <http://shop.store.yahoo.com/alysonbooks/cram.html>.

ONE MOMENT IN ETERNITY. Human Evolution. Extensively researched, with a detailed history from the "Big Bang" to the current "Holy Wars." Available at amazon.com by October.

COPY-EDITING

JENLINDNER.COM. Proofreading and copy-editing for students, artists, small businesses and independent publications. Fast. Smart. Moderate Rates.

FIRST AMENDMENT

FREETHOUGHT TODAY. Newspaper for atheists, agnostics, First Amendment fans. Free sample: www.ffrf.org/fttoday/. Ten issues/year, \$20. PO Box 750, Madison WI 53701.

FLOWER CONSULTATION

BACH FLOWERS for emotional and physical healing. Flower essence remedies mailed following discussion with M.Ed. in Counseling. (800) 940-9211, www.bachflowerconsultation.com.

Classified

LIBERAL LIAISONS

Concerned Singles

Links singles concerned about peace, justice, race/gender equity, environment. Since 1984. Nationwide/international. All ages; straight/gay. Free sample: Box 444-NA, Lenox Dale, MA 01242; (413) 243-4350; www.concernedsingles.com.

EROTIC ADULT PHONE CONVERSATION with sensual, intelligent women. Any topic welcome! VISA/MC/AMEX. Call (888) 495-8255.

FETISHES AND FANTASIES fulfilled. Hot erotic talk with creative, sensuous woman. No limits. Personal, confidential. Call (866) 844-8286.

GREENSINGLES.COM—Free photo ads for progressive singles in the environmental, vegetarian and animal rights communities. Searchable listings for friendship, dating, marriage. Since 1985. www.GreenSingles.com.

YOUR SECRET is our secret. www.Secretsphonesex.com, (800) 344-2019.

LOOKING FOR MR. LEFT. Pretty, petite, practicing NYC public-interest attorney seeks man of depth and light-hearted charms, age 55 to 75. Please reply to Nation Box 413.

SOUTH FLORIDA SWM LIFEGUARD on the left, 50 years old. Well traveled, fit, nice looking. Seeking SF 35 to 45 for relationship. Reply to Nation Box 411.

GAY MANHATTAN RENAISSANCE WOMAN. High-profile, dynamic, warm, creative, passionate, communicative, successful, pretty, thin, fit and fun. Seeks same. 49-60-ish. DreamPoetNYC@yahoo.com. Please reply to Nation Box 409.

POOR TENNIS PLAYER (NO SERVE) but trim, attractive, glass-half-full-minded woman of a certain age ponders second-time-around wonderful male companion. 60 to mid-70s. Sense of humor a must; literary tastes and traveler a plus. Pix and e-mail, please. Reply to Nation Box 410.

RENO REAL ESTATE DEVELOPER, 54 years old, well-traveled, published author, fit, attractive, seeks SWF 34-46 for relationship. Reply to Nation Box 412.

ONE OF A KIND, AND BEAUTIFUL TOO. Smart, compassionate, unconventional Seattle-based woman (39) seeks male companion. Please reply to Nation Box 414.

If responding to a Nation Box number, send replies to: Nation Box _____, The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003.

LITERARY SERVICES

BOOK EDITOR. Specializing in memoir, history and travel. Will work with finished or unfinished manuscripts. References available. E-mail: lottobrand@hotmail.com.

MERCHANDISE



FREE BUMPER STICKER. Call (800) 630-1330 or see www.fcnl.org. Friends Committee on National Legislation.



SUPPORT THE NATION AND OUR NATION! Shop online at www.thenationmart.com and exercise subtle and not-so-subtle dissent. Most items are union-made. Great gifts!

MERCHANDISE



UNHAPPY WITH THE DIRECTION of our country? Every purchase of a weeping flag tee, mug or magnet sends a message to Washington, and we donate 20 percent of each sale. www.RedWhiteAndFeelingBlue.com.



INTRODUCING A BETTER LINE OF BUMPER STICKERS. For liberal, progressive and thinking America. Order online at www.pressforprogress.com. (888) 891-5262.

MUSIC

DEBUT ALBUM AVAILABLE NOW: In the great tradition of songwriting with a conscience... listen to www.jenniferfriedman.com.

2,500 CDs AND RARE LPs. Comprehensive. Highly recommended versions. What do you want? Write: Burton Shapiro, 2160 Matthews Avenue (7W), Bronx, NY 10462.

ORGANIZATIONS

RESTON, VA, Nation reading group forming. Contact Michael Causey for details. Families welcome! First meeting scheduled for Monday, October 10, at 7 PM. (703) 318-0147.

CEDAR FALLS/WATERLOO, IA, NATION DISCUSSION GROUP is forming. Phone Lou Hellwig at (319) 266-5363 or e-mail shellwig@cfu.net for more information.

JOIN THE BALTIMORE NATION DISCUSSION GROUP. For more information please contact Justin S. Hill, (410) 235-2917, or drshill@bellatlantic.net.

LAS VEGAS AREA NATION DISCUSSION GROUP is looking for new members. Contact Harold Barling, (702) 736-6905, for more information.

POLICY

END THE DRUG WAR. See www.CommonSenseDrugPolicy.org, www.DrugWarFacts.org, www.DRCNet.org, www.MedicalMJ.org, www.DrugSense.org, www.AddictInTheFamily.org.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

ORGANIZING COORDINATORS NEEDED in California for health-care union. Experience leading organizers in campaigns required. Send résumé: recruiter@seiu-uhw.org.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

NATION STUDENT OUTREACH: Attention student activists! If you're involved in organizing a progressive event, lecture or film festival on your campus or in your community and would like to distribute copies of *The Nation*, please let us know by calling (212) 209-5416.

PSYCHOTHERAPY

LOS ANGELES PSYCHOLOGIST experienced in treating depression, anxiety, relationship issues, career malaise, addictive behaviors, trauma and crisis. WLA. Chet Wilson, Ph.D. (310) 840-6128.

SAN FRANCISCO PSYCHOTHERAPIST treats depression, relationship issues, anxiety, crises. Consultation available. Sliding scale. Paula Holt, LCSW, (415) 289-6990.

WOMAN CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST, twenty-five years' experience. Insight-oriented and analytic. Free consultation. Sliding scale. Mutually agreed-upon fees. Insurance accepted. Carnegie Hall vicinity. Margaret Kinder, PhD, (212) 582-5508.

NEW YORK THERAPIST, twenty years' clinical and university-based experience. Separation and divorced parenting; divorced fathers. Individual, family and couples. Bill Dineen, LCSW, (917) 566-4785.

REAL ESTATE

BERKELEY, CA. Work with the Realtor Who's on Your Side. Norma J.F. Harrison. (510) 526-3968, (866) 264-9029. NormaHa@pacbell.net.

BLAINE NEWCOMB. Helping to find the right home for you. Baltimore Metro. Re/Max Suburban West. (800) 866-7362. Cell: (443) 829-6277. www.homesdatabase.com/listingsfortoday.

SANTA FE. PROGRESSIVE REALTOR® seeks same in clients. Peter Kahn, Prudential Santa Fe (800) 418-1221 x171 or (505) 690-4840 mobile. pkahn@keshi.com.

MIAMI. Your kind of realtor®, academics, empty-nesters, etc. Lynn Meyer, (305) 666-4627 or Perlmeyer@bellsouth.net.

RENTALS

1840s COUNTRY HOUSE. Leverett, Mass. Three-bedroom, wood/oil, \$1,400 negotiable lease. (413) 585-8240.

TRAVEL/TOURS

EXPLORE POLITICS, ECONOMY, CULTURE ABROAD through Reality Tours with Global Exchange. See ad in *The Nation*, page 43, www.globalexchange.org.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates and Frequency Discounts: STANDARD \$3.75/word, 15-word minimum = \$56.25 for 1-3 insertions; PO Box, telephone numbers, web address count as two words.

Buy 4-9 runs, pay \$3.40 per word

Buy 10-23 runs, pay \$3.25 per word

Buy 24-46 runs, pay \$2.95 per word

Buy 47 runs, pay \$2.40 per word

Logos: We will print your logo and center the headline of your advertisement for an additional fee of \$50/insertion B/W; \$60 for color. Maximum size for a logo is 2 1/4" wide by 1/2" deep. EPS logo should accompany ad copy and payment.

Deadline: Tuesday, 3 PM, 10 days prior to Monday issue date.

Payment in US currency or major credit card must accompany order.

Enclosed is my check for \$ _____ for _____ insertions at \$ _____ / word rate.

"Personals" advertisers: Be sure to include \$45 for Nation Box number/forwarding service.

For all ads please include your name, address and contact phone number with your ad. You can fax your classifieds to us at (212) 982-9000 or e-mail leigh@thenation.com.

E-mail preferred. Attach ad, typewritten if possible.

The Nation, Classified Department, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003

PUZZLE NO. 3005

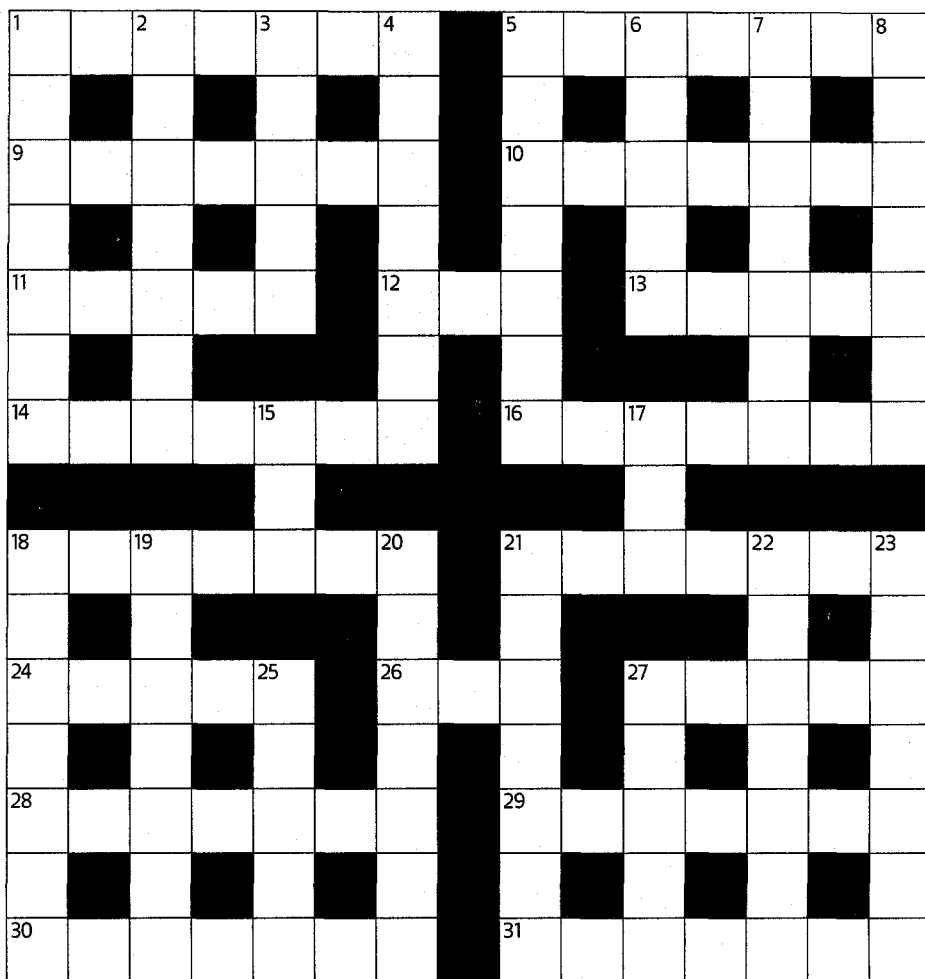
FRANK W. LEWIS

ACROSS

- 1 and 5 One might do it to things that are obvious. (4,3,7)
- 9 Mine is wrong to be surrounded by a traitor in such clothes. (7)
- 10 Before getting to eat a bit, a person puts things into the pot this way. (5,2)
- 11, 12 and 13 An old timer with correct linkage—look out, and you'll find a feature article in it! (5,3,5)
- 14 See 17 down
- 16 Do women hope to do it more than men—forever and ever? (7)
- 18 Bob might be considered one of them, but Rhoda is confused! (4-3)
- 21 Call a worker to see the big show! (7)
- 24 There's a hitch in what you might expect, if you do for a ride. (5)
- 26 See 1 down
- 27 Do you have to hold your hand out, if you do, being caged this way? (5)
- 28 A tiny opening, with no help I can expect to get from it. (7)
- 29 Book this way, and you might have to pay a fine figure. (7)
- 30 Things in classic manner have an important date with Caesar, but that's the way one lives! (7)
- 31 It might be helpful to the scrub team, at home or away, and keep the difference. (4-3)

DOWN

- 1 and 26 across Gets out of control, possibly worth undoubling a fist. (6,1,3)
- 2 What the spectators at the guillotine reputedly did, as some broken bones get this. (7)
- 3, 15 and 25 Relatively descriptive of one color, as well as another. (5,3,5)
- 4 Concerning that bit of property, or that document, something will be taken back, if you do. (7)
- 5 You might associate such with Moses and art—and throw a bit of weight around, wrongly so. (7)
- 6 Greek story, where spare things get tossed. (5)



7 You can't call such types unwilling. (7)

8 The one you might associate with this is a sort you gotta go through the black of night to find, and ship out of it! (7)

15 See 3

17 and 14 across Urge, as well as what might make a hit on board—by design. (3,3,4)

18 Shakespearean character with more than a lukewarm urge. (7)

19 Large lizards using a—a—well, you'll find it unusual, anyway! (7)

20 What some bread-making types have to go through! (7)

21 Your favorite fighting rooster—which sometimes has to be turned off! (7)

22 Got the total in a different direction than most people employ—but made things complete, as some say. (5,2)

23 What only Peel's "View hallo!" would awaken. (3,4)

25 See 3

27 The sort you eat shouldn't be considered funeral. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 3004

Indiana Firm Discovers:

Special ^{new} cream for arthritis

(SPECIAL)—A small company in central Indiana has developed a special cream that relieves arthritis pain in minutes, even chronic arthritis pain—deep in the joints. The product which is called **PAIN-BUST-R-II**, is one of the fastest acting therapeutic formulas ever developed in the fight against arthritis. Immediately upon application it goes to work by penetrating deep to the areas most affected—the joints themselves, bringing fast relief where relief is needed most. Men and women who have suffered arthritis pain for years are reporting incredible results with this product. Even a single application seems to work remarkably well in relieving pain and bringing comfort to cramped, knotted joints. **PAIN-BUST-R-II** was researched and formulated to be absorbed directly into the joints and muscles—where the pain originates. Long-time arthritis sufferers will be glad to know that this formula will help put an end to agonizing days and sleepless nights. It is highly recommended by users who have resumed daily activities and are enjoying life again.

Read what users have to say:

"I use **PAIN BUST** because I suffer from tension in my back and shoulders. I can't praise your product enough, I've used other ointments, but they don't seem to work as fast nor last as long. Thank you. Thank you...Thank you!" *C.K.F.*

"Last night when I went to sleep I rubbed some **PAIN BUST** on my sore aching knee. 15 minutes later I fell sound asleep and woke 8 hours later with absolutely no pain. I wish I knew about **PAIN BUST** long ago." *B.M.S.*

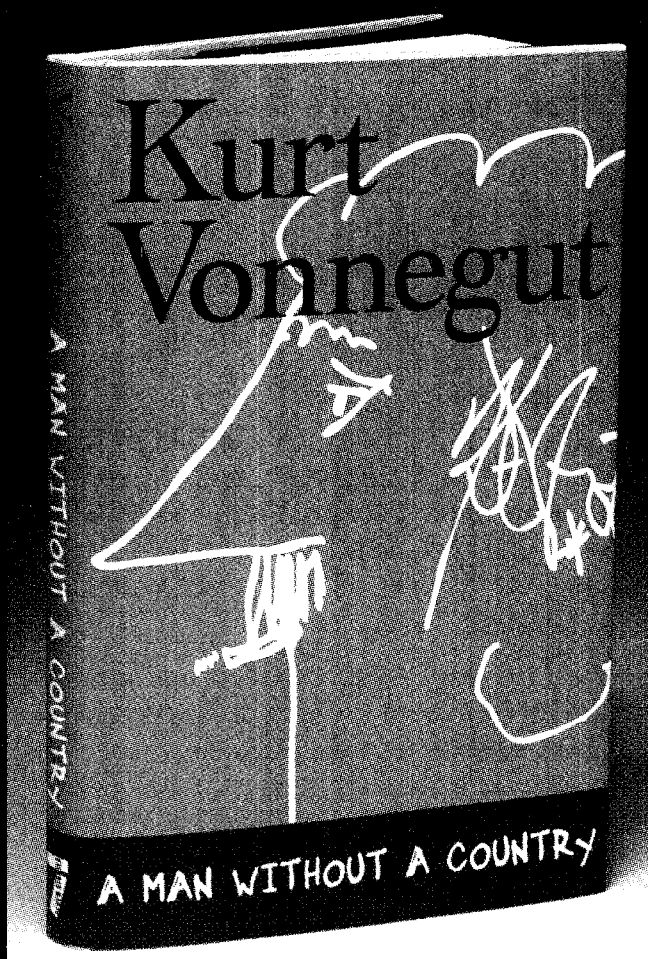
NO-RISK FREE TRIAL

We Trust You — Send No Money!

TO ORDER: Just write "**PAIN BUST-R-II**" on a sheet of paper and send it along with your name, address and the number of tubes you wish to order. We will promptly ship you 1 large tube for **\$9.90**, 2 large tubes for **\$16.80** (*Saves \$3*) or 3 large tubes for only **\$21.90** (*SAVES \$7.80*). Prices include all shipping and handling. We will enclose an invoice and if for any reason you don't agree that **PAIN BUST-R-II** relieves pain more effectively than anything you've tried, simply mark "cancel" on the invoice and there will be no charge to you. You don't even have to bother returning the merchandise. Act quickly—this offer may not be repeated. **CALL NOW! 1-800-451-5773 and ask for offer# NA-105** or write today to: Continental Quest/Research Corp., 220 W. Carmel Drive, Dept. NA-035, Carmel, IN 46032

©2004 Continental Quest/Research Corp.

"Thank God, Kurt Vonnegut has broken his promise that he will never write another book."



In this wondrous assemblage of mini-memoirs, we discover his family's legacy and his obstinate, unfashionable humanism. What makes this all the more remarkable is that most of it happens in Indiana." —STUDS TERKEL

"Vonnegut's *A Man without a Country* is pure late Twain, darkly funny, never less than enraged at corruption and greed, and overflowing with compassion for the powerless. We've never needed him more." —RUSSELL BANKS

"This great little book is like a voice in the wilderness whispering—at times outright shouting—'You are not alone!'" —LEE STRINGER

Available at fine bookstores everywhere.
Individuals may order directly from the publisher at
1.800.596.7437 or www.sevenstories.com.

A Man without a Country is Kurt Vonnegut's hilariously funny and razor-sharp look at life, art, politics, himself, and the condition of the soul of America today.

Written over the last five years with the examples of Mark Twain, Jesus Christ, Abraham Lincoln, and a saintly doctor named Ignaz Semmelweis powerfully in mind, plentifully illustrated with artwork by the author, *A Man without a Country* is an intimate and tender communication from one individual to his fellow Americans, sometimes joking, at other times despairing, always searching.

AUTHOR PHOTOGRAPH: © EDITH VONNEGUT
COVER ART: © KURT VONNEGUT

SEVEN STORIES
SEVEN STORIES PRESS
140 WATT'S STREET
NEW YORK, NY 10013
WWW.SEVENSTORIES.COM

